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PENN'S JAPAN:
A PERSONAL VIEW



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AUGUST 15, 1964

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VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN
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PENN

COVER: Cresting the wave of white fur in fashion—a delicious hipbone jacket of white mink, with wide-set lapels opened here on a scarlet linen scarf tied crisply at the throat. Flashing red underneath: a matching linen blouse. Jacket of bleached "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Designed by Emeric Partos; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Diamond-and-pearl earrings worn an amusing new way: both on one ear. By Van Cleef & Arpels. Make-up by Pablo of Elizabeth Arden Salons.

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Vol. 144, No. 3, Whole No. 2123
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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. ELSEWHERE, $1.15. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

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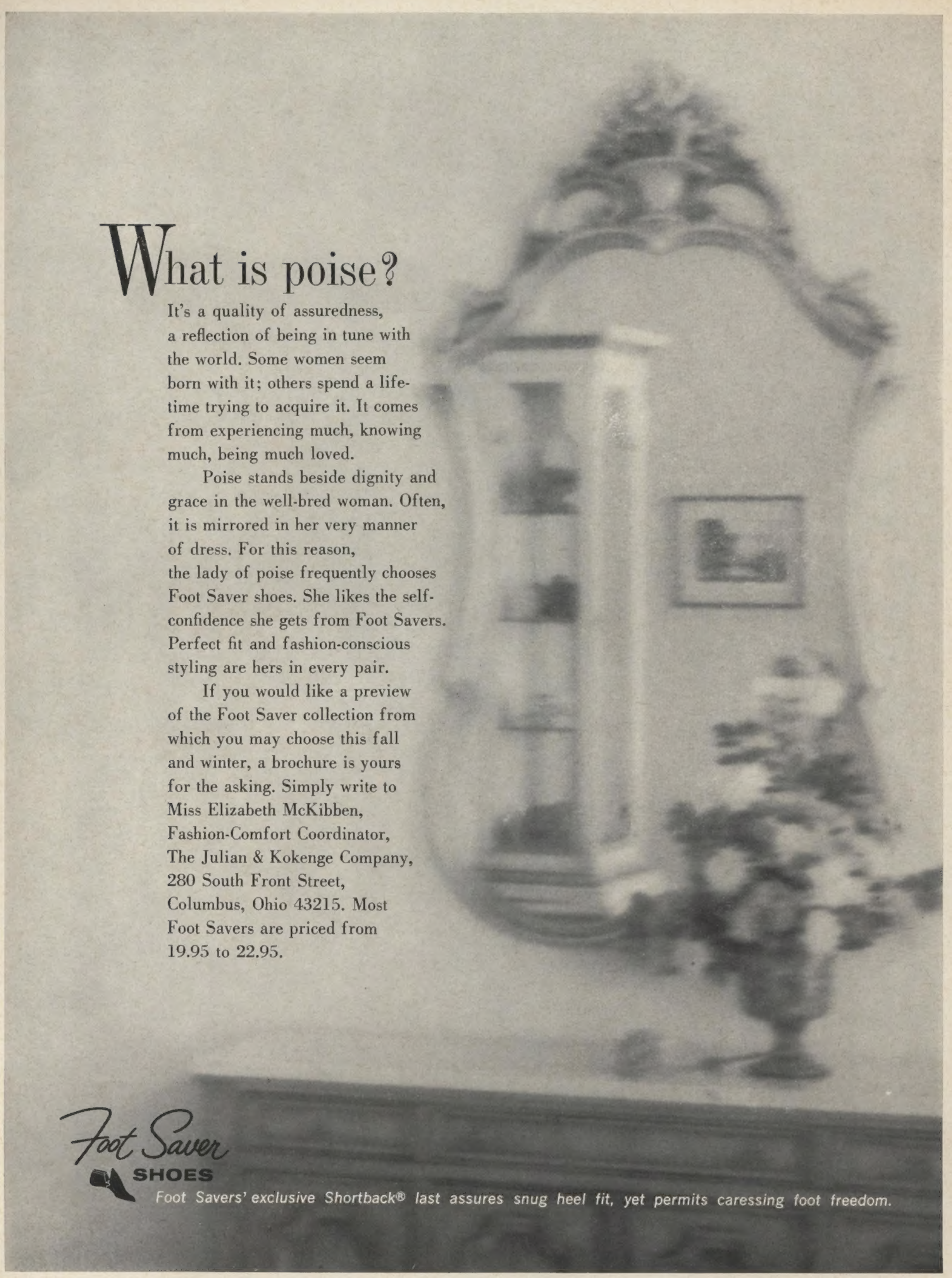
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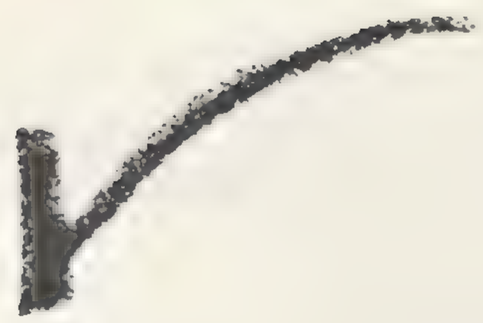
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CHANDLER'S

BEAUTY CHECKOUT



On being a beautiful mother

Slipping through a new Minnesota Doctor book just this moment published (*The Minnesota Doctor's Home Treasury of Unusual Stress-Easers & Strong Shields Against Emotional & Physical Upset* by John E. Eichenlaub, M.D., Prentice-Hall), we came across a good many things that pleased us enormously. There was a thought about, in summer heat, taking one's proteins at early breakfast and late dinner, avoiding them at lunch, in order not to heat up the system for a warm afternoon. There was a "fruit sludge cure" for post-celebration. But what touched our parental heart most profoundly was a nudging insistence that among the better things a parent can do for a child is to make adulthood seem a desirable state. "This job demands that your own rewards genuinely exceed those of your children, and that they know it. An unselfish desire to draw your children toward acceptance of maturity should often make you act a bit more selfish—at least to an extent which makes your children realize that adulthood involves a step up in life instead of the beginning of decline." The Minnesota Doctor contends that if all a youngster sees of adulthood is a monotonous, vacationless, sacrificial state, why should he or she strive anxiously and constructively towards the same? This makes sense, and we intend to make our own adulthood more appealing. For the children's sake, of course. . . .

The drastic, the daring —and the choice

Having reviewed some of the so-called "daring" beauty treatments (pages 112 and 113), what, you well might ask, is Vogue's general advice about whether the drastic measures should be taken or left alone? Vogue's view is this: the solution to any beauty defect, mild to severe, should progress in cagily-taken steps; should be approached exactly as one would approach a flight of stairs. We think it's wise to explore the milder steps first—within quite usual beauty procedures, you might find all the help you need. If more drastic steps are indicated, climb toward them with this question in mind. Could the treatment have any unfortunate physical playback *in your case?* ("No intelligent person would burn down the house to get rid of fleas" is how one medical authority takes it from there.) On the whole, we find the more we know about the more extreme beauty treatments, the less startling they seem. Many seem, in fact, to represent beauty Progress. . . . Don't interpret this to mean we think any old crazy try is a step in the right direction. We don't. But one of the by-products of an age of scientific experiment, richly-endowed laboratories, fascination with gadgets, and the realization of "impractical" hopes is: suddenly more with which to work, to make beauty happen. . . .

Influential lipstick

One of the semi private-stock lipsticks (it's not sold everywhere, by a long shot) under much interested scrutiny at this time is a little dear called "Pearly Photo," a lipstick shade developed by a reluctant cosmetics-innovator called Evelyn Marshall. Celebrated in song and story in these pages, Miss Marshall's several distinguished and trend-setting inventions have been brought about because of a need felt by Miss Marshall for some special, missing piece in the modern jigsaw puzzle of face-making. For Miss Marshall there was, several years ago, a clear and present need for a brandy-coloured lipstick that covered the mouth with a sheer but definite depth of tone—but was not, at the same time, remotely red in any light. Because the light she had in mind was mainly photography light (she is make-up stylist to a flock of mannequins and TV actresses), she called the first of her brandy-coloured lipsticks Photo I. This was succeeded by a slightly more-towards-red shade called Photo II. And now, most recently, by the pearl of the lot, Pearly Photo. What interests us about the latest lipstick is its offer of something *in addition to* colour. It has a slight, light-vibrating sheen, a modest pearliness wherein we think the news will lie in the coming months. It would be mean of us to hide its whereabouts. Pearly Photo can be found at Henri Bendel and a few other shops across the country, as well as at Miss Marshall's own extraordinary establishment at the Hotel Royalton, 44 West Forty-fourth St., N. Y. C. . . .

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movies

BY HENRY GELDZAHLER

MARNIE, "*Me Jane, you Freud*"

Marnie is Alfred Hitchcock's forty-ninth film. It might well be the most perfectly tooled yet. Tippi Hedren, first starred by Hitchcock in *The Birds*, is cool, controlled, distant, and untouchable; she continues the line of Hitchcock heroines, Madeleine Carroll, Priscilla Lane, and, in recent years, Grace Kelly, Doris Day, and Eva Marie Saint. Nothing soft or kittenish ever.

The story unfolds backwards, mostly within Marnie's recent past. Her dim, character-distorting early years are relived in one short flashback. Very little other than revelation, the unravelling of recent past, occurs in the time after we enter the story. It is a Hitchcock tour de force.

The screen is busy, the camera catches and scoops up details that set the scene quickly and accurately. But the real action occurs only when two people, usually Tippi Hedren and Sean Connery, are seen in enormous full bust close-up. Tension is created by the gradual revelation of Marnie's compulsion and in his reaction to it.

In *Dial M For Murder* the plot kept switching on us, in *Psycho* several of the loudest screams in the history of films were elicited from us, in *To Catch a Thief* speed and elegance kept us going. *Marnie* is steadier and smoother, more homogeneously interesting. There is no real crime or tragedy; only reasons and, finally, understanding. In one of the key big close-up scenes Sean Connery attempts to force Tippi Hedren to come to grips with herself; she says, "Me Jane, you Freud." Hitchcock avoids the embarrassment of a real psychiatrist, a scene that has become over-familiar and is always over-explicit. Mental health and redemption, which will come off-screen and after we exit, are sketched in within the framework of the film, not as an appendix in a psychiatrist's office.

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO, "*touching . . . awkward*"

One Potato, Two Potato is a message movie. It does not meet the standards of excellence we must demand from our best films in cutting and camera work; for it is topical, a film that had to be made now and that makes its point very much like a planned and plotted and quickly dated newsreel. Story, character, locale, all are subordinated to the message which is timely, touching, and boldly stated. A white divorcee (Barbara Barrie) with a kindergarten-age daughter marries a fellow office worker (Bernie Hamilton), a Negro who lives with his parents on a farm outside of town. Her first husband returns from South America where he went when he abandoned his family in search of adventure on a construction job. He is horrified at her marriage, mostly as he feels it a reproach to his masculinity. The structure of the story and the suspense in the movie depend on the result of a court battle over custody of the child.

The soundtrack has the authentic ring of the tape-recorder and the locales are as natural and unposed as an unmade-up face. The only thing that consistently mars the picture is an over-insistent musical score that tells us in almost simple-minded terms exactly how to feel (happy, tense, relieved). The movie is awkward: it breaks down into a series of set pieces, self-contained scenes that read almost as arias or musical comedy numbers, each with its point to make. The score, with its situation-motifs, emphasizes the lack of fluidity.

The characters in the movie are not intellectuals who discuss the problems from every angle; they are direct and act as they feel. The drama is largely confined to the family itself, boy and girl, his Negro partners, her white ex-husband. Nobody loses his job, few racial incidents occur. The men who made the movie (Larry Peerce, director, Raphael Hayes and Orville H. Hampton, writers) had the sense to make this as much a movie about divorce and the tragedy of separation of child from parent as about racial problems. They have constructed a film to make a point, and, even if that is obvious throughout the film, it was worth making and is worth seeing.

books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

SCENTED GARDENS FOR THE BLIND, *"untidy"*

Janet Frame's characters in the past have been, for the most part, incarcerated New Zealand lunatics, and in her new novel, *Scented Gardens for the Blind* (George Braziller), she presents some more daft, nebulous creatures, virtually faceless, lacking all but a minimal personal history, vague to the vanishing point. They put their scattered brains to untidy pondering on humanity in metaphysical tropes of which the ingredients are borrowed from nature, Matthew Arnold, grocery stores, and anything else that comes to hand, and are combined in figures that come out like this: "When the sun had been shining and the light, as was its habit, had dipped its knife in the optimistic spread of day and traced it through the world, buttering and layering leaves and streets and people . . ." or ". . . those rusted gratings in the earth through which the dead peer, momentarily, and where rotting leaves cling and saliva dribbles from the foaming mouths of manic detergents trying to remove the habitation stains of people from the earth." Three narrators tell this cryptic tale that has no beginning and no middle and no end, very little motion or sensation, no jokes and no surprises; perhaps it is not meant to be a tale despite its advertisement as "a novel" on the jacket, but is supposed to be a symposium of three monologists whose assignment is a free-style investigation into Life, Death, and kindred matters. These three are a woman named Vera who lives in a small town and pets her furniture, expecting it at any moment to give tongue; her grass-widower husband, Edward, who lives in London and divides his time between playing with toy soldiers and tracing the lineage of an undistinguished family named Strang; and their daughter Erlene who lives with her mother and who has lost the power of speech—but not the power of voluble communication with a blackbeetle, as cute as Shirley Temple and as full of mother wit as Solomon. On Erlene's aphasia hangs the argument. Vera tries to make her talk, and takes her to a doctor who also tries and fails to make her talk; Edward prepares to make the journey from England to try to make her talk; and all the while Erlene, not talking, watches Uncle (sic) Blackbeetle make coffins for dead beans and listens to his parables based on the experiences of relatives living in dictionaries amid significant words and that of a dungbeetle with an exaggerated greed for material wealth.

In the end, it is revealed that the trinity of father, mother, and child coexist in the one person of Vera, unmarried, childless, sixty years old, dumb for thirty of them, veteran inmate of the bughouse. Miss Frame's publishers suggest that she looks on the contemporary world as a mental institution and they go on to say, as vaguely as if she had invented them too, that it is "an image not entirely unjustified by any number of facts and figures." But by now her image has become doughy and pointless and her nuts are neither wacky enough nor perversely wise enough to instruct or divert.

LETTERS FROM BOHEMIA, *"clubfooted shenanigans"*

Ben Hecht's posthumous *Letters from Bohemia* (Doubleday) is a collection of profiles of seven of his friends and two or three characteristic letters from each of them. These seven men, he said, were artists although they themselves regarded the word "artist" as pejorative, implying funny clothes and bad manners; they looked on themselves, one gathers, as men of genius and hearty appetites. If Hecht's recollections are founded in fact, it would be hard to assemble a more bad-mannered, tasteless, criminally sentimental, boastful pack of windbags than Gene Fowler, George Antheil, George Grosz, H. L. Mencken, Sherwood (Swatty) Anderson, Charles (Snooker) MacArthur, and Maxwell (Bogie) Bodenheim. The settings for their clubfooted shenanigans are Chicago, New York, and Hollywood and some of the snappy subtitles are "The Pinwheel of New York," "Finale in Lotus Land," and "Some Giddy Hours with Mencken."

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BY HENRY POPKIN

IN FRANCE: ROGER PLANCHON'S PLAYS, "*intentions turned upside down*"

Periodically, Roger Planchon, the young director of a subsidized theatre in a working-class suburb of Lyons, brings his new productions to Paris, which is badly in need of his fresh view of the classics. Other directors and companies have been declining: Jean Vilar has quit his theatre, Jean-Louis Barrault has been getting a little stale, and the Comédie Française has been getting very stale. Planchon has been giving them some lively competition; in past years, he proved himself a master of comic irony by boldly reinterpreting Shakespeare's *Henry IV: Part One*, Molière's *Georges Dandin*, and a classic novel, Dumas's *Three Musketeers*, in each case turning the author's original intentions upside down. But a certain legitimacy has always persisted in Planchon's departures. Shakespeare's characters, for example, still say and do the same things, but they are no longer heroic to us—only to themselves. Those civil wars in which Shakespeare was a partisan royalist are substantially the same in Planchon's production; only our attitude toward them is altered—logically enough, because, in the twentieth century, it is hard to be a partisan in mediaeval politics.

Planchon has been less brilliant than usual this year. He brought out two new plays, neither one as exciting as a classic that he has given his own special treatment. One was his own work, *La Remise*, and the other was Armand Gatti's *The Imaginary Life of the Street-cleaner Auguste Geai*. Both are rambling biographical dramas which have their origin in the authors' family histories; no one doubts that Planchon was writing about his oppressive, tyrannical grandfather and Gatti about his oppressed, tyrannized father. What is worse—and least typical of Planchon—both plays are rather humourless, except for an irrelevant scene or two in Planchon's own play.

Fortunately, Planchon added two classics—Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* and Molière's *Tartuffe*. Less fortunately, he has made his peace with the academy and consequently directed a fairly traditional *Troilus*, visually interesting but with too much pathos applied to such characters as Cressida and Thersites and not enough of his characteristic irony. At least, this is a respectable *Troilus*; *Tartuffe* is better than that. For one thing, Planchon makes his characters human beings, not those strange, manufactured objects one is in danger of seeing at a Comédie Française production of Molière. Orgon, the credulous man who is duped by the hypocritical Tartuffe, is endowed with some human warmth that has vaguely homosexual implications. Tartuffe, played by Michel Auclair, is represented as a relatively young man, as he was in Molière's day. His romantic interest in Orgon's wife is thus made plausible, and, in an especially effective scene, his religious self-mortification is associated with the portraits of the suffering Christ that adorn the walls.

IN EAST BERLIN: BRECHT EVENING NUMBER THREE, "*bits and pieces*"

At the late Bertolt Brecht's theatre, the Berliner Ensemble of East Berlin, the new offering of the season is the third collection of bits and pieces from the master's writings. This program presents Brecht's theory of the theatre by means of a conversation between a philosopher, an actor, an actress, and a dramaturge, with occasional dramatic scenes inserted to illustrate the general principles. The philosopher speaks for Brecht, and, in this rôle of Brecht-philosopher, Brecht's son-in-law, Ekkehard Schall, gives an amusing impersonation of the dramatist. The true highlights, however, are the dramatic interruptions, which include bits from *Arturo Ui* (with Schall as Hitler) and *The Mother* (with Brecht's widow, Helene Weigel, in the title rôle). At least this helps to keep us waiting for the long postponed production of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, in Brecht's free adaptation.



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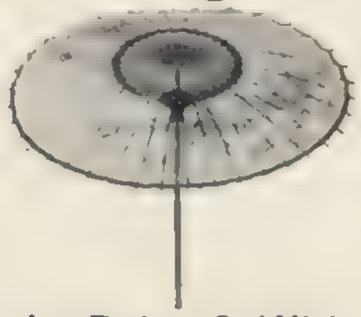
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Tokyo/Hong Kong/Hawaii



by Peter Griffith

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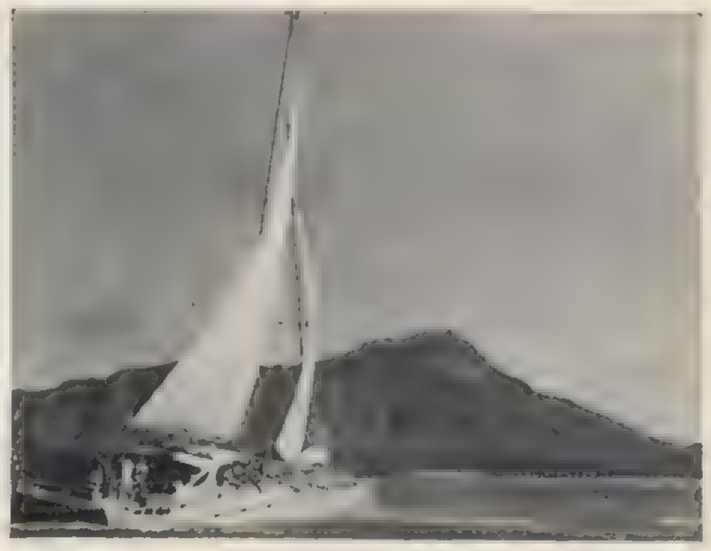
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travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

JAPAN—*practical notes for Occidentals*

Yes, Virginia, there is a language problem, and the most satisfying luxury that money can buy is a good interpreter. The Japan Travel Bureau is one source of English-speaking guides, but if you prefer to go it alone, then pull strings, check references, and engage a student or Bright Young Person to talk your way around.

BOOKS to read before: *Living Japan* by Donald Keene; *The Pillow-Book* by Sei Shōnagon, translated by Arthur Waley; *Japanese Inn* by Oliver Statler; *Honourable Picnic,* a loving satire, by Thomas Raucat. . . . And get to know the famous Japanese prints, especially Hiroshige, Hokusai. Sterner stuff to read later: *Japan Past and Present* by Edwin O. Reischauer; snatches from Lafcadio Hearn.

WHERE TO STAY: Japanese inns are An Experience—no traveller should leave the country without at least a few nights of sleeping on the tatami, living the life. . . . In Tokyo, however, the Hilton will make you wonderfully comfortable, keep your messages straight, feed you Japanese or international, and spoil you like mad. What's more: you'll find the Japanese restaurant—and much of the hotel—filled with Japanese. Double rooms, Western style, $14 and up; Japanese style, including a cypress bathtub, about $40.

FOOD: Perfectly beautiful to look at, and often delicious; many dishes for every meal, and though you must eat a bit of each, you can concentrate on what you like, cheating a little on what seems strange. In Tokyo, superb tempura (deep-fried shrimp et cetera) at Hiroki in Akasaka. Simpler food at the Ginza Sembikiya "fruit parlour and restaurant, popular with the *jeunesse dorée.*" Also delightful: Icchoku in Asakusa. . . . In Kyoto, great charm and mizudaki (strips of beef you cook at the table in bubbling broth over charcoal) at Junidanya, Gion. And do try a *soba* shop—nothing but noodle dishes; the clientele, a nifty cross-section of not-rich Japanese.

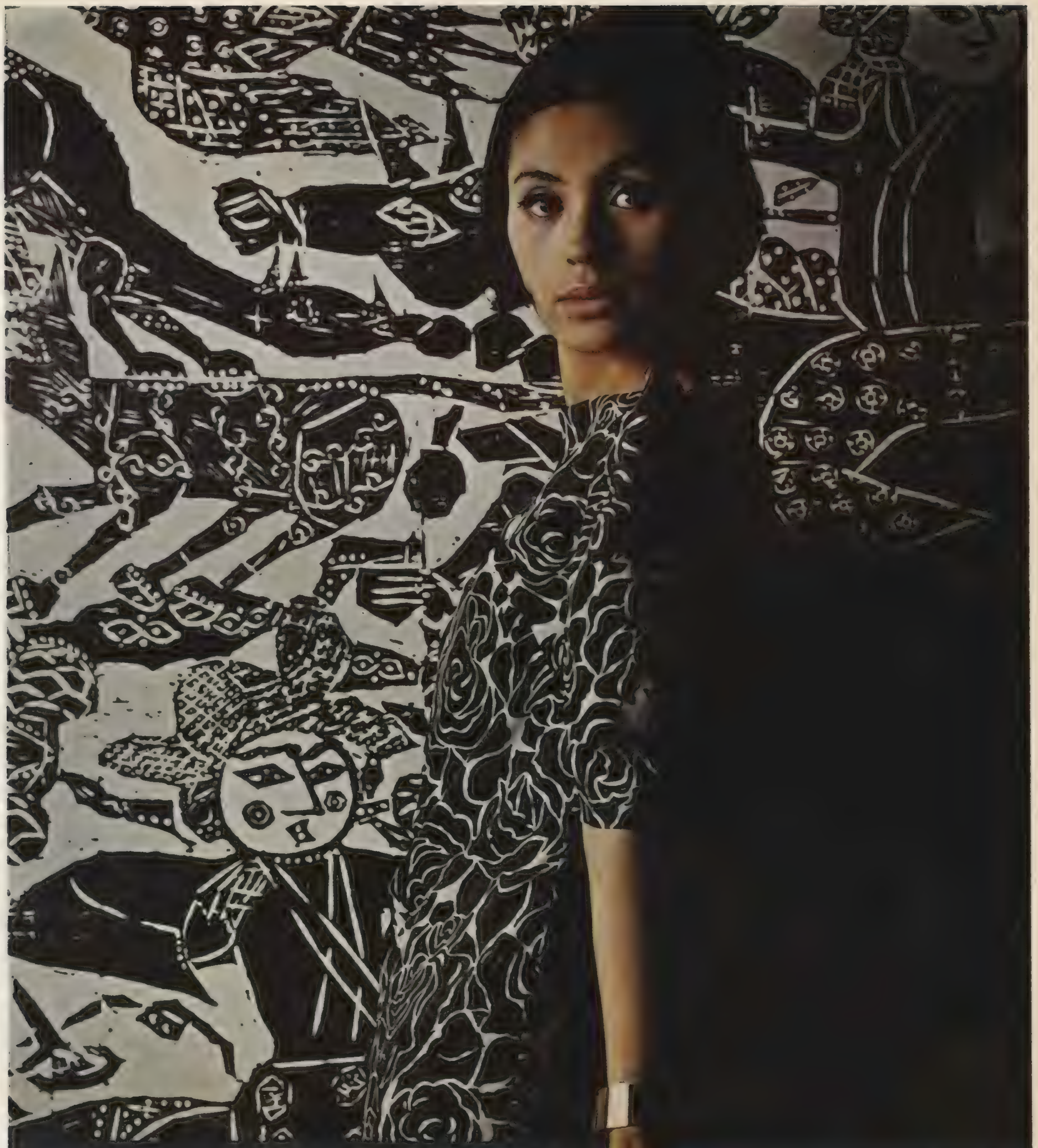
CO: To the galleries striking rich blows for contemporary art: the Tokyo and the Minami in Tokyo; in Kyoto, Yamada, a pioneer outpost in Shinmonzen Street, otherwise known for antique shops; in Osaka, the Gutai Pinacotheca. . . . Tokyo is shoppers' heaven; colossal department stores (Wako and Takashimaya very chic); boutiques, especially Hanae Mori's; excellent modern woodblock prints at the Yoseido Gallery; Takumi for *mingei* (folk crafts) unfindable in the U.S.; pearls at many prices—the Mikimoto family, originators of the cultured pearl, have a smart shop in the Ginza.

TRANSPORT IN JAPAN: For major point-to-point hops, trains and planes make the most sense. Driving proves difficult, takes time, and cars are not easy to come by. However, if you *have* time, shoot for a cunning—and sturdy—Toyopet station wagon.

Starting this autumn there will be a whiz of a train from Tokyo to Kyoto or Osaka; time, 3½ hours as opposed to the present 6 hours. Japan Air Lines zigzag everywhere and couldn't be more amiable.

TRANSPORT TO JAPAN: The flying time (New York-Tokyo) is 18 hours, and B.O.A.C. breaks the trip, at their expense, with a night's rest in a Honolulu hotel. In the air, a multi-lingual staff operates with becoming dedication to their solid little slogan, ". . . B.O.A.C. takes good care of you." The touch is personal but not, praise be, chummy. Round trip: $1,580.40 first class; $1,021, economy.

Given plenty of time and a taste for the sea, one can have a glorious fifteen-day voyage—San Francisco to Yokohama—on the American President Lines. On the "Cleveland" and "Wilson" (sister ships), or the "Roosevelt," a cabin for two is $1,876. This autumn's cruises—44 days—leave from San Francisco or Los Angeles, stop in Honolulu, Yokohama, Taipei, Manila, Hong Kong, Nagasaki; through the Inland Sea to Kobe, back to Yokohama and home. For the full cruise, a cabin for two costs $4,424. President liners are middle-sized—roughly 300 to 450 people in first class. And the Pacific is sublime.



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Rose motif design by Yves Saint Laurent, advisor to Toyo Rayon Co. in the field of fashion textiles.



MIKIMOTO PEARLS

The Sea's Most Beautiful Gems

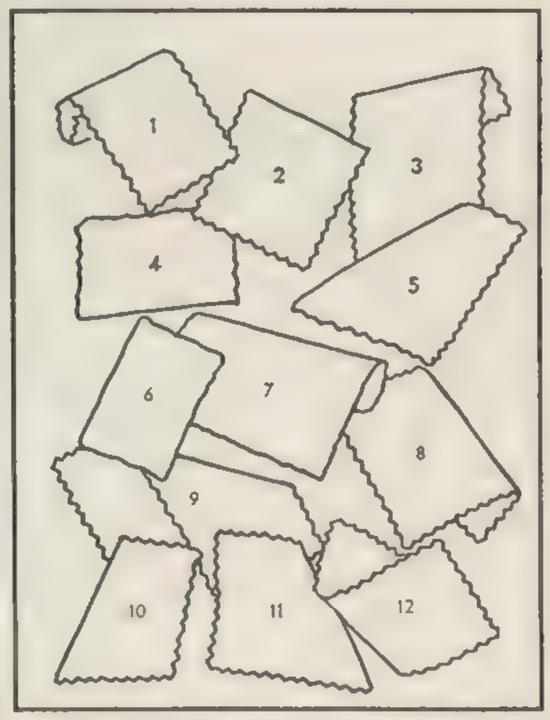
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THIS SEASON'S LIVELY GREYS

Details about fabrics on page 123

Here, the greys that count this fall: warm, lively tones loomed in firm, taut tailor fabrics.

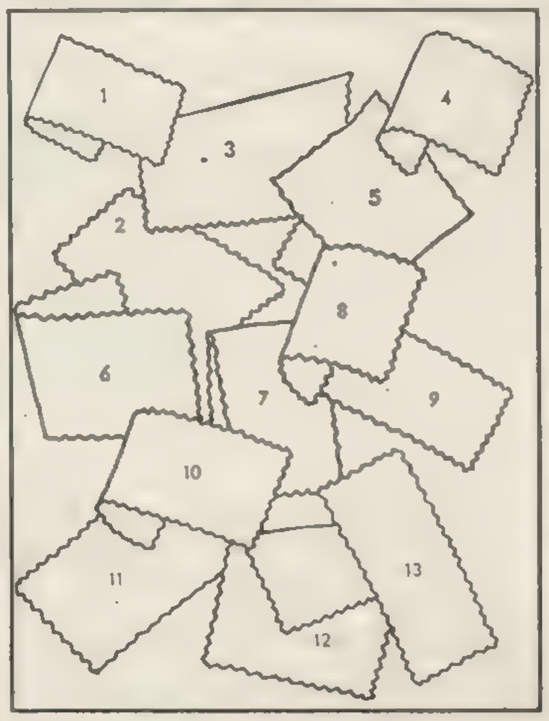


1. Jersey newly textured—tightly cable-knitted pewter-grey, bonded to a smooth white jersey backing to hold shape. Of Alamac Thal-spun Orlon and wool.
2. Wool cloqué in ribbons of white on a black ground. By Lesur.
3. Shepherd-checked wool in a firm suiting weight—tones of warm grey subtly crossed with olive and blue. By Len Artel.
4. Spongy ribbed tweed in a mix of charcoal and Oxford grey, thin stripes and flecks of white. Wool and mohair blend, by Lesur.
5. Lacquered matelassé in glossy steel grey—lightweight, warm, waterproof. Of Arnel, wool, and nylon. By Hurel-TSM.
6. Ropy white tweed nicked in jet-grey and bright fawn. Of wool firmed with cotton: Scotney.
7. Smoke greys mixed in a magnified diagonal weave. Coat tweed of wool and mohair, by Bianchini.
8. White stripe, thin as thread, in men's-wear grey flannel. Flat, smooth haberdasher worsted, perfect for sharp pleats. By Mayflower-Ellis, loomed in America.
9. Proper Tattersall check of softened greys with white in a light, firm wool flannel, by Hockanum. Loomed in America.
10. Tailor's wool twill in a slant of medium and dark greys—very tightly woven, dry to the touch. By Otterburn-P. & F. Schwarz.
11. Twill de luxe for a long, creamy white evening coat—silk twill on the outside backed with wool twill for body and warmth. By Fila-Chantal.
12. Grey-pebble texture and lustre in a closely woven coating. Of wool by Anglo. Loomed in America.

THIS AUTUMN'S LIVELY BROWNS

Details about fabrics on page 124

Browns with new warmth and vitality, often dashed with cream or white. The fabrics—trim and tight.



1. Double-woven wool Melton cloth coating, in a maple-sugar shade. By Warren of Stafford. Loomed in America.
2. Smooth to the touch but with a hint of texture: bright chestnut brown. reverses to fawn. Of wool and other fibres: Bianchini.
3. A companion-fabric to the one above—windowpane checks in the same chestnut crossed with fawn. Also of wool by Bianchini.
4. Tobacco-coloured worsted-and-wool in a textured twill. By Lesur.
5. Thick and thin yarns, loosely basket-woven in pale-blond wool. This, by Moreau-TSM.
6. Very narrow-ribbed, creamy white wool. A good, firm fabric for seamed shaping. By Einiger. Loomed in America.
7. White-on-white tweed, a light, *flou* weave in a bodied mix of wool-and-mohair. By Bellaine.
8. For easy dresses, suits—soft, textured knitting of wool-and-cashmere in a rich, roan brown colour. By Jerseycraft-P. & F. Schwarz.
9. Deep, chocolatey brown duvetyne coating. Of wool by Anglo. Loomed in America.
10. Venetian covert cloth—smashing in a new turnout with pants. Of cognac-coloured wool: Anglo.
11. Deep-ribbed cotton corduroy in toasted peanut. By Cone; made water-repellent by Syl-mer.
12. Ginger plaided with black and white, in a double-faced fabric that reverses to camel. Of wool, alpaca, mohair, and silk: Orceyre.
13. Bitter-brown double coating; smooth surface, diagonal weave. Of wool by Forneris-Sormani.



Fur by Reiss and Fabrizio

Not since stockings became "nylons" has there been such a dramatic change in hosiery. CANTRECE, new from Du Pont

Here are stockings made from a totally unique kind of nylon. They fit as none you have ever known. Smooth. Exacting. Constant, with no letdown, no looseness even after hours of wear. Flattery? It's something to see. Non-sheen. Non-shadow. True sophisticated subtlety. And stockings of "Cantrece"* nylon look and are different from all others. Wear them once —you'll never give up the luxury. But these stockings are so new, there are still too few for all. So hurry. Look for them at your favorite store.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*Du Pont trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the stockings or fashions shown.

Dress by Ceil Chapman

Stop kidding yourself

If you really want to wear clothes like this, hit-or-miss diets won't help. Metrecal* will.

*Metrecal is a registered trademark for a dietary for weight control

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

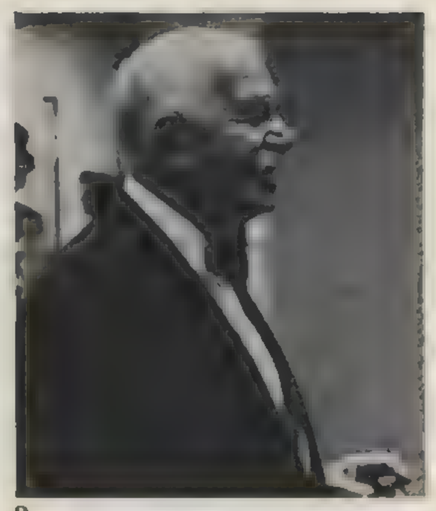
The starred, starry re-opening of the Museum of Modern Art in New York



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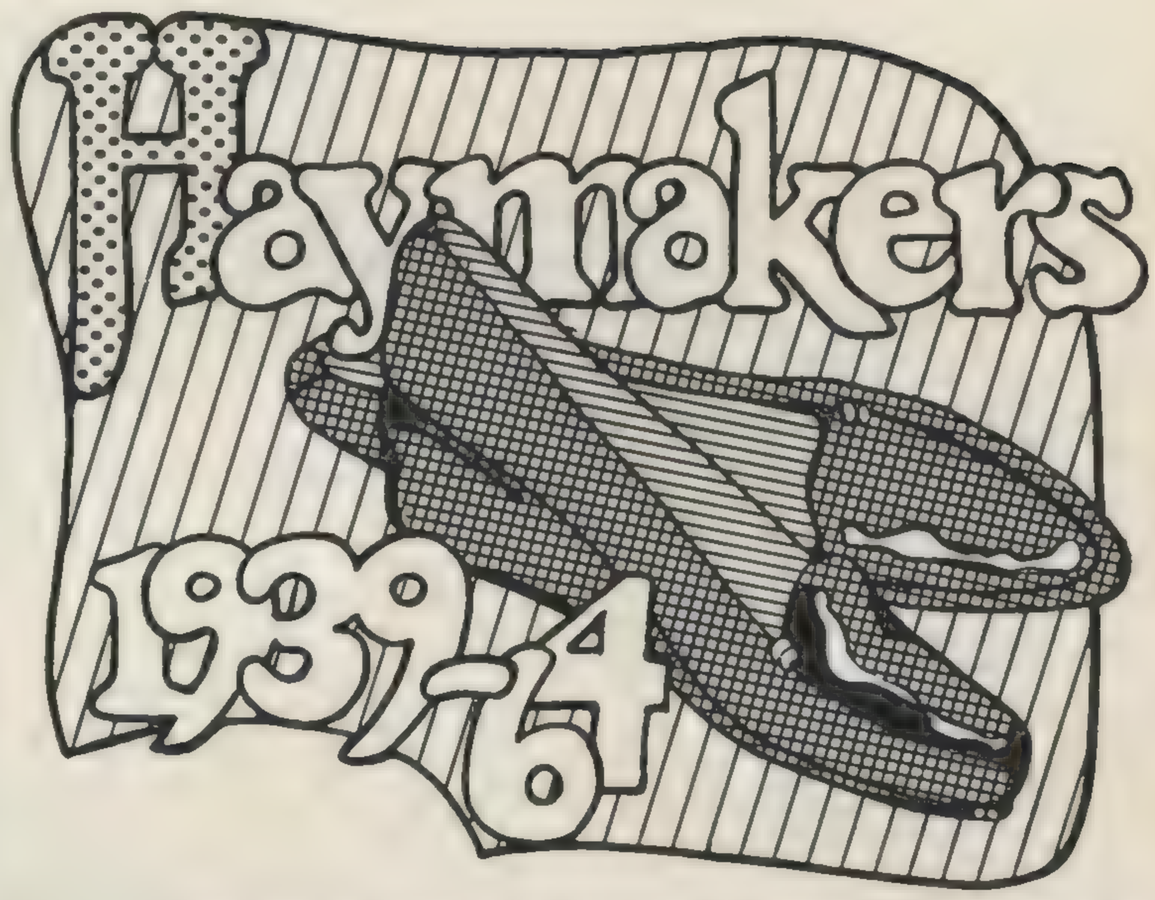
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High on the new grey-white stone terrace under a small marquee spotlighted against the night, Mrs. Lyndon Johnson signalled and all the lights and fountains went on in the Sculpture Garden of the newly enlarged Museum of Modern Art in New York. Artists, diplomats, collectors, photographers, writers milled in an almost euphoric spirit of congratulations and greetings. It was a star occasion—and guests in black-tie or sandals queued down the block to enter the mazed new realms of galleries, spectacularly arranged. Sudden views through gallery walls of smoked-topaz glass in the new wing designed by Philip Johnson overlooked the garden below, where pale plumes of water and birch trunks alternated with the dark forms of sculpture—and a Maillol bronze nude stood ankle-deep in champagne glasses.

1. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson with, left to right, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. David Rockefeller, Mrs. René d'Harnoncourt, Mr. David Rockefeller. 2. Mr. and Mrs. William S. Paley with Mr. d'Harnoncourt, Director of the Museum. 3. Mr. Ben Shahn. 4. Mr. Alfred H. Barr, junior, Director of the Museum Collections. 5. Mr. José Luis Sert, Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Design, and Mrs. Sert. 6. Mr. Mark Rothko. 7. Sir Kenneth Clark. 8. Mr. Edward Steichen and Mrs. Steichen. 9. Mrs. E. Bliss Parkinson and Senator William Fulbright. 10. Mr. Hans Hofmann.



That crazy wedge from the Forties that still keeps walking along.14.95, at chic stores yet.

distinctive and unusual

CHRISTMAS CARDS *from the*

Metropolitan Museum of Art



The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of Saint Michael and the dragon, a decoration of musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 75 cents each. The cards can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue — which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents — will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

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The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in TAB





Photographed by Hal Reiff at the Sheraton East, N.Y.

The Minerva Collection

New on the fur scene...The Minerva Collection of grand-luxe furs, prestigious and alluring. Here, one of the splendors from the Premier Showing of this new collection: a great sweep of **MORNING LIGHT®** mink, the ravishing natural blue beige **EMBA®** marvel, in a head-turning evening length that zips off to convert it into a day-length coat as well. ®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest

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AUGUST 15, 1964

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: THE GREATEST LEGS

No plain legs need apply. The legs wanted now—and any woman who doesn't snatch at them is missing the whole exciting feature-length picture—are legs that are the greatest because they're getting everything. All the importance, all the winnings, all the punch of this minute's fashion story. They're getting mink boots. Suède or cobra boots. Waist-high boots of palomino fur. Mad tights, wild stockings, knee socks. Shimmering stockings for evening. Great mixes of texture, colour. What the legs on this page are getting—besides the racy reward of an Austin Healey 3000: marvellous stockings and shoes from Balenciaga who was one of the first to trigger the greatest-legs idea; his checkerboard stockings first appeared in Vogue last October 15; his Lifeguard boots, the October 15 before that. Here, Balenciaga's checkered stocking in red and blue, with a superb walking shoe like a shallow boot, curving high on the instep; deep brown calfskin, flat silver buckle, one-inch heel. Shoes by Mancini for Balenciaga; stockings and shoes, to order at I. Magnin.

GUY BOURDIN



HE'S A HERO...
THE LEGGIEST LOOKS IN TOW

There's a man in charge here . . . a hero with that special blazing allure that transplanted the Sheik from Araby to Hollywood. We've got the Sheik right here. And taking over on the next six pages, heroes who play another line of country—the Jungle Man, the Sweet Tough, the Cowboy, the Spook. These are the boys who make pop history. They never get to be president, but they always get the girl. . . . And she, of course, gets them. This year she's the girl in superb boots and marvellous stockings or smashing leotard tights. . . . The girl with a flash of mustard stockings streaking into snaky leather boots. . . . The girl in shell-and-pebble-patterned white tights and white fur boots. . . . Or black and white checkered tights with nifty little ponyskin boots stopped at the anklebone. . . . The girl across a crowded discothèque whose lace stockings are a new silvery-smoky colour that's neither grey nor black; her slippers, naïve little black damask pumps laced up with black satin ribbons. . . . The girl who wouldn't dream of wearing a plain stocking. . . . She's the heroine living it up in glorious technicolour on all these pages, and we believe in her—right down to the ground. THE SHEIK, opposite, prototype of the dark, swooping hero—all innocent lust and desert victories, the man who's fraught with implications of some strange and mystic bond with Everywoman Everywhere. Swooning into his embrace, here, a heroine booted for the life in black cobraskin with tights striped blue and gold. Boots of matte-finished cobra, zipped up the inside; by and at Chandler's; about $35. Nylon stretch tights by Bewitching at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin. Black ciré turtleneck, front-zipped; of rayon and nylon, by Dior Sport, $65; to order later at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.



ART KANE





Swinging through the jungle with his faithful chimp and a girl. Her palomino fur boots rise to the waist . . . TARZAN *and a black-and-white cobraskin shirt.*

Bootpants by Golo; of Fleming-Joffe fur; to order at Henri Bendel.
Loomtogs shirt of Fleming-Joffe cobra. About $145, at Altman's, Sakowitz.

ART KANE

The man you hate to love . . .
and lovelovelove.
The girl in hand wears snug
strapped green boots,
alligator-printed tights.

STANLEY
KOWALSKI

Suèded calfskin boots lashed with cobra; stacked black leather heels. These and the nylon tights by Capezio. The boots, of Fleming-Joffe leather, about $40, at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Tights, about $20, at Capezio Boutique; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin.



His heart's as big as the prairie, and his rescue techniques are terrific. Rescued here: the little lady in the mustard boots and violet stockings.

THE COWBOY LOVER

Boots of crushy glove-soft suède by Herbert Levine; about $85. Cotton lace stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Bronze mohair-and-wool turtleneck and suède skirt, both by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Sweater, about $50. Skirt, about $55. All at Bonwit Teller. Boots and stockings, also at Neiman-Marcus.

ART KANE

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

A chiller and a monster—but

the love of a good woman makes

him gentle as a pussycat.

Turning the trick here: the girl

in the small-heeled mink boots.

Boots of Saga mink, black-dyed and pastel, to order at Andrew Geller. Textured stockings of mustard stretch nylon, by Christian Dior; at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel. Worn with a killing little black suit of moiré antelope; by Leathermode, of Fleming-Joffe leather, at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



THE DAY OF THE PALE, PALE MINK

The palest of minks in shapes touched by the tailor's hand, to wear for daytime dazzle this way: over clothes in muted colours, with pale textured stockings, and perhaps the bright warm note of a scarfy hat in bittersweet red. Pale mink dressed for day, this page—a three-quarter length coat with big patch pockets, side slits, suède sash, a curved notched collar that's marvellous with a turtleneck. The coat, Christian Dior-New York by Laurence Kaye; of "Morning Light," Emba natural blue-beige mink. At Joseph Magnin; Frederick & Nelson; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Pigskin gloves by Fuchs. Officer's coat, opposite, in creamy mink—double-breasted with a rounded collar, side slits, buttoned sleeve-straps. By Maximilian, of palest "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink. Complexion gloves by Hansen. Suède pumps at Andrew Geller. Lipstick: Passionata Pink, one of Revlon's La Dolce colours.

PENN



THE DAY OF THE PALE MINK





Two more mink coats living their lives as blondes—and dressed here for a day's dazzling paleness, with clothes in blending blonding tones, stockings pale and textured. Mink, paled to whiteness, left, a spectacular fur-idea for days in town—double-breasted with a pointed roll of collar, high belt, deep slash pockets. By Fredrica, of "Opal" mink from the Tourmaline collection of Emba natural pale-beige mink. Also at Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Pale mink lining, right, another great way of day-life for the paling mink. What it lines: a serge coat of beige wool-and-silk with a deep curving back yoke, mink edging at neck and sleeves. The whole look, reversible—mink outside, serge inside. Coat by Lawrence of London; lining, of natural Dawn mink, by Ben Kahn. At Altman's; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire. On these and the previous pages: Bersoie scarf; Beautiful Bryans stockings; at Bonwit Teller. The hat frame (under the scarf), by John Frederics.

PENN

DAVID BAILEY

BLACK

IN TOP FORM—
THE MESSAGE:
ABSOLUTE ALLURE



Black now: more devastating and important than ever in this season's great shapes. Alluring with all hours of black—white, sleek or soft. *Long black velvet,* opposite. Beautiful for an important party—a softly fitted dress with a deep back V, a charming curve of skirt. Here, with rhinestone-buckled shoes, the Goya touch of an amusing white dog (dog-fashion here: the red bow on one leg). Dress by Branell, of rayon velvet; at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Julianelli shoes: Lord & Taylor. Coiffure: Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri. *Spanish sailor, black satin,* this page. A sensational hat shape now with a white velvet rose that keeps a little distance from the brim. By Adolfo; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.

PENN



BLACK

EVENING TURNOUTS: CIRÉ TO THE TOES. DOUBLE-FLOUNCED BROCADE

Shown here, two of the raciest night looks around: for evenings at home now—or for when an evening at home is the furthest thing from your mind. *Left:* Shiny black ciré—all the way down to your feet. For the slicker, anything goes—day, evening, rain. It's herringbone-quilted, buttoned in jet, and worn here over a one-piece stretch suit of black ciré that zips up like mechanics' overalls with ciré boots pulled over the ankle. Where this goes is: at-home—either yours or somebody else's. Costume by Jean Louis Boutique. Overalls of acetate and Helanca stretch nylon. Slicker of acetate and Crylor (Bucol-Kandelaft fabrics). At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. The Halston mantilla made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* Like an incredible black bird, a short coat of blistered silk brocade, its flounces puffed as though they were filled with wind; the narrowest sliver of a dress beneath—high in front, plunged in back. Both by Bud Kilpatrick. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Brania bracelet at Lord & Taylor. Hat by Lilly Daché. Coiffures by Pierre of House of Revlon.

PENN





Fur idea for evening: shadow-black electrified with white. *Left:* The long, lightly fitted evening coat in kangaroo—a beautiful bravado of black fur—sheared, supple, closed with three hand-crocheted silk frogs. By and at Reiss & Fabrizio, of black-dyed Australian Suzé kangaroo; about $875 plus tax. Viola Weinberger gloves, Apex Art earrings: Henri Bendel. *Right:* Gleaming fake broadtail, like watered silk, in a dinner suit of great dash. Cardigan lined with the puckery white chiffon that makes the blouson, bound in silk braid; the skirt, side-wrapped, buttoned in jet. By Dan Millstein, of Fibranne. About $180. Hudson stockings. All: Bloomingdale's. Suit, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Brania necklace. Gloves by Kislav at Best & Co. Herbert Levine shoes, both pages are at Bonwit Teller. Coiffures, Pierre of the House of Revlon.

BLACK

KANGAROO TO THE FLOOR, DINNER SUIT OF BOGUS BROADTAIL





Two black wool suits with a fine new rakishness—close-bodied jackets, necks muffled in white silk, fascinating textures. *Left:* Rake tailoring, walking skirt—dandified black suit double-breasted, with wide-set lapels, narrow sleeves...white satin blouse tied in a Beau Brummel stock high on the throat, skirt swinging into panel pleats low on the hipbone. By Larry Aldrich, of wide-track herringbone wool twill (Anglo fabric, loomed in America). Gloves by American Astral. All at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne. *Right:* Heavy black wool, knitted in rickrack cables—narrow everywhere: through the shoulders, sleeves, skirt...with a neat little off-the-neck collar, heavy-cream silk gleaming on the throat, at the wrists. By Seymour Fox; Weave Masters fabric. About $235. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Mimi di N earrings. Christian Dior stockings. Andrew Geller shoes. Both pages: Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

PENN

BLACK

THE DANDY'S SUIT: CLOSE-BODIED, DOUBLE-BREASTED, A STOCK AT THE NECK



BLACK

TWO VIEWS FROM THE BACK— DEEP BLOUSING, BELTED PLEATS



VOGUE PATTERNS

Black day-wools with back views we like—deeply bloused dress, small-coat belted, pleated. *Right:* A dress that's smashing, coming or going—narrow black wool sashed low on the waist, full-blown back over a slivery skirt. Vogue Pattern 6272. Bogus pearl and amethyst pin by Freirich: Henri Bendel. Mr. John scarf. *Opposite:* Small-coat of black wool—yoked back falling in belted pleats; close sleeves set in very high; fitted, double-breasted front flanked with patch pockets...all very swingy, very small. Vogue Pattern 6252. Black fabric by Forstmann. Both pages, Shalimar gloves: Bonwit Teller. Adolfo snood, hat. Stores for fabrics: page 140. Other views, sizes, page 140.

VOGUE PATTERN 6272

VOGUE PATTERN 6252

DAVID BAILEY





BERT STERN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The coming season, its hot tips, great spectacles, new experiments, and possible heroes. Among the entries, these: INGRID BERGMAN IN "THE VISIT" (opposite, left), the disturbing, flawed movie from Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play. As the richest, most vindictive woman in the world, Ingrid Bergman, dressed in flamboyant, tacky clothes, hounding to death Anthony Quinn as her one-time lover, brinks on a caricature of the richest American women of the thirties. With the unbeatable Bergman warmth and looks hogtied, she pulls off a bravura performance—hot, cold, and vulgar—that shimmers on this dulled film like a rainbow slick on a puddle. . . . UGO TOGNAZZI (opposite, top), an Italian movie actor with inquiring blue eyes and a bus driver's friendly-truculent good humour. In Italy, he, Alberto Sordi, and Vittorio Gassman are film heroes of a special kind, at once romantic and comic, gruesome and appealing. Ugo Tognazzi's allure (he's a Fred MacMurray with fangs) may be sized up here soon in *Ape Woman*—he victimizes her; *The Cat*, his first American movie; and *I Mostri*, Dino Risi's savage film in which Tognazzi and Gassman, starring in turn in sketches, take piranha bites at Italian life. . . . THE LENINGRAD KIROV BALLET (opposite, centre), queen-mother company of ballet, on tour from September through December across the United States with, among its splendours, the remarkable corps de ballet for which dancers are trained with unique intensity, as if there were no tomorrow. . . . RITA TUSHINGHAM IN "GIRL WITH GREEN EYES" (opposite, below), a movie about girl-meets-older-man that gives a rare accurate view of the haphazard hard-headedness of Dublin. The heart-bruiser of the film, *A Taste of Honey*, Rita Tushingham fits like a less-plump reflection the rôle of *The Lonely Girl*, heroine of the novel by Edna O'Brien from which this movie was made—the child of unfortune who wants superlatives, settles for the grocers' dance. . . . ALAN ARKIN IN "LUV" (this page), a provoking new play for Broadway. Alan Arkin who became, last year, the new funny man of Broadway in *Enter Laughing* has now, with Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, a play arranged to his earnest buffoonery, his gangling, who-me? humour. *Luv*, written by Murray Schisgal (who wrote *The Typists* and *The Tiger*) attracted its director, Mike Nichols, by being "far out, rather angry, and just terribly funny." Dodging from sidewalk surrealism to raw farce, *Luv* has a quality a friend ascribed to thirty-year-old Alan Arkin: "A colloquial sound in the voice—nothing local, like Brooklyn. Just the sound of the generation."

ADVANCE NOTICE



This summer 1964, in Europe, was a gala, jewel-stung, festival marriage season. The excitement of royal and/or noble weddings, spreading from Portugal to France to Sweden to Germany, hasn't dimmed yet. In September, young King Constantine II of Greece will marry bright-faced, eighteen-year-old Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, and Princess Isabelle, oldest daughter of the Count of Paris, will marry Count Frederick Karl of Schönborn-Bucheim. Since June, the great royal clans have moved across Europe like rare, beautifully-boned migratory birds of plumage. "Everyone is polishing tiaras," wrote a young relative of one of the brides. "The protocol is highly complicated and made more so by all the 'petty royals' as the English call them." At pre-wedding celebrations, some running on for days, the "royals"—sashed, medalled, diademed—were out of all imagining: the older women all profile and presence, the younger ones, all long-eyed, honeyed looks. No one wholly foresaw these weddings' cumulative impact: the gleaming prettiness of the brides, the lashings of family diamonds, the outright splendour. On these and the following pages are four of the summer's grand weddings which, in addition, included, in June, the marriage of Princess Margaretha of Sweden, who was given by King Gustaf VI Adolf, her grandfather, to Mr. John Ambler. In July: the weddings, in Lisbon, of the Count of Paris's enchanting, willowy daughter, Princess Claude, to Duke Amedeo of Aosta, and, in Nice, of Miss Brigitte Peu-Duvallon to Prince Guy of Bourbon-Parma. There seemed no end. . . .



PRINCESS ZU SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE

IN EUROPE: THE SPLASH OF GRAND AND ROYAL WEDDINGS, 1964





ABOVE: H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUIS OF BOURBON-PARMA WITH HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS CHANTAL, AND, RIGHT, WITH HER SISTER, H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER OF BULGARIA.



LEFT: PRINCESS MARGARETHA ZU SAYN-WITTGENSTEIN-BERLEBURG, THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.



RIGHT: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIA GABRIELA OF SAVOY. LEFT: BARONESS VICTORIA OF PLESSE AND THE DUCHESS OF BRAUNSCHWEIG.



H. R. H. PRINCE MORITZ OF HESSE AND PRINCESS TATJANA ZU SAYN-WITTGENSTEIN-BERLEBURG

ALEXANDRA DOHNA



THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. PRINCE MORITZ OF HESSE AND PRINCESS TATJANA ZU SAYN-WITTGENSTEIN-BERLEBURG AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH IN KRONBERG, GERMANY





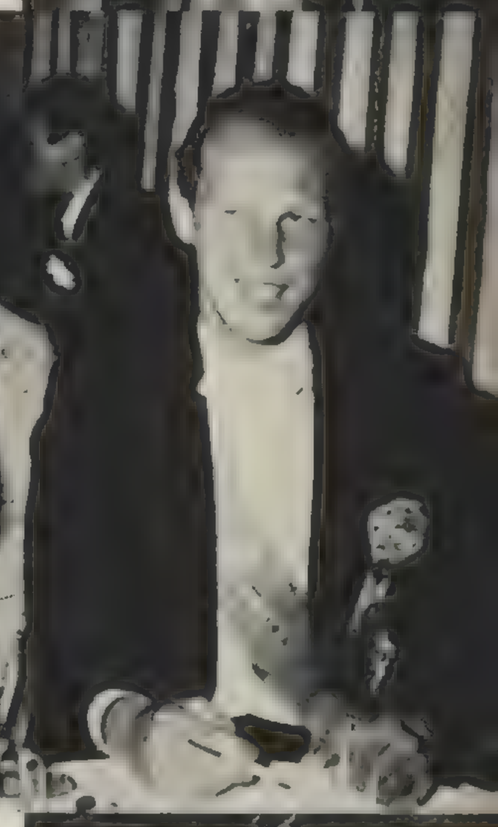


ABOVE: H.R.H. CROWN PRINCESS BEATRIX OF HOLLAND, WITH PRINCE OTTO OF BISMARCK, AT A PRE-WEDDING DINNER-DANCE HELD AT THE VICTORIAN CASTLE, SCHLOSS-HOTEL KRONBERG.

RIGHT: BARONESS LOUISA OF WERTHER, MR. PETER SALM.

LEFT: THE PRINCESS IN HER SILVER-BROCADE WEDDING DRESS. IN HER HAIR, A DIAMOND TIARA GIVEN TO THE HESSE FAMILY BY CZAR NICHOLAS III OF RUSSIA.

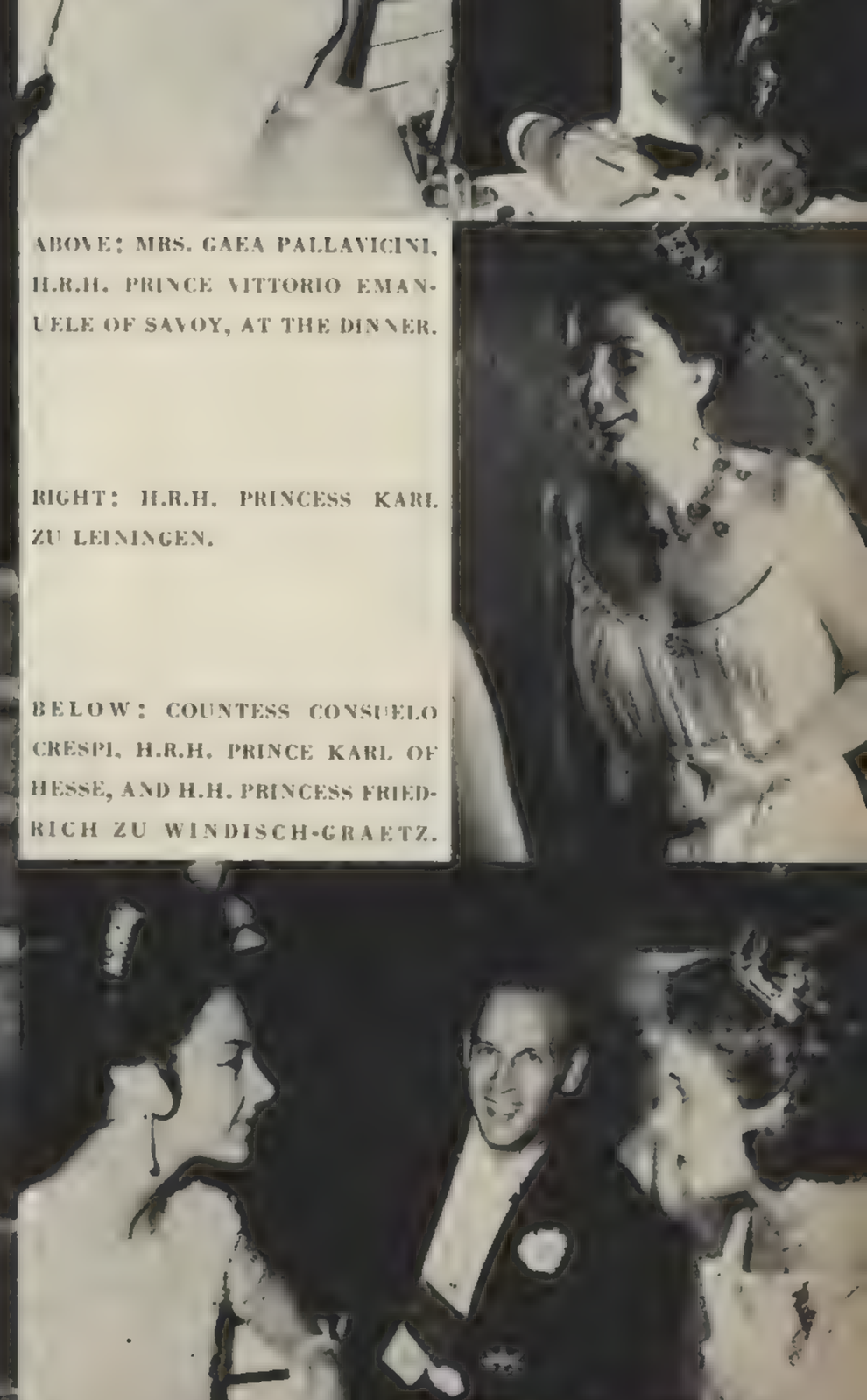




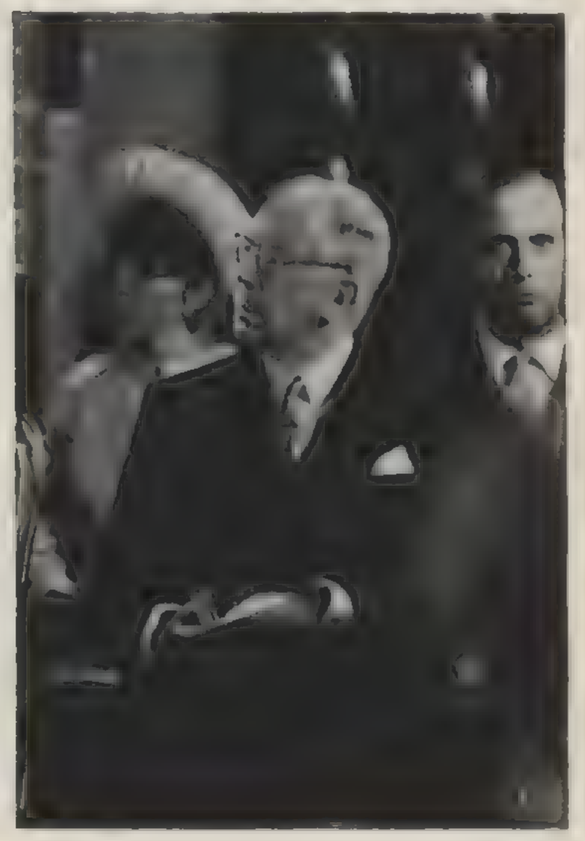
ABOVE: MRS. GAEA PALLAVICINI, H.R.H. PRINCE VITTORIO EMANUELE OF SAVOY, AT THE DINNER.

RIGHT: H.R.H. PRINCESS KARL ZU LEININGEN.

BELOW: COUNTESS CONSUELO CRESPI, H.R.H. PRINCE KARL OF HESSE, AND H.H. PRINCESS FRIEDRICH ZU WINDISCH-GRAETZ.



LEFT: IN STORKYRKAN, SMALL ATTENDANTS, PERCHED ON THE ALTAR ROUND. BELOW: H.R.H. KING GUSTAF VI ADOLF OF SWEDEN, WHO GAVE HIS GRANDDAUGHTER AWAY. BEHIND HIM, PRINCESS CHRISTINA, SISTER OF THE BRIDE.





H.R.H. PRINCESS DÉSIRÉE OF SWEDEN AND BARON NICLAS SILFVERSCHIÖLD

This June, Stockholm bobbed with marrying, marriageable young princesses. Of King Gustaf VI Adolf's seven Swedish and Danish granddaughters (five photographed dancing, *left*) three planned weddings this summer. For one of these, in the Storkyrkan (Great Church) hung with flowers in the bridegroom's family colours, blue and white, Princess Désirée wore her sister Princess Birgitta's wedding dress and a tiara that belonged to her great-great-grandmother, Josephine, first Swedish Queen of the Bernadotte line.

THE MORNING CEREMONY AT THE BAROQUE CHURCH OF AUERBACH.



PRINCESS EMMA OF CROY AND COUNT FERDINAND OF WALDBURG-WOLFEGG AND WALDSEE

This enchanting, small wedding of the daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander of Croy and the youngest son of Duke and Duchess Franz Waldburg-Wolfegg, in the extravagant setting of the Austrian Alps near Kitzbuehel, seemed to be all red and white: the flowers in the church, the dresses of the eight bridesmaids, even the Knight of St. George uniform worn by the bridegroom. For the ceremony, a choir brought from Munich sang a rare sixteenth-century Mass written for the consecration as bishop of an ancestor of the bridegroom. Later, the village band struck up.

PRINCESS HENRIETTE ZU HOHENLOHE-BARTENSTEIN AND COUNT HANS-VEIT ZU TOERRING-JETTENBACH



RIGHT: THE BRIDE AND GROOM WITH THEIR SMALL ATTENDANTS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MADELAINE FROWEIN, THE ARCHDUCHESSES AND ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, AND ANDREAS FROWEIN. LEFT: PRINCESS MARINA OF KENT; HER SISTER, PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA; COUNT CARL-THEODOR ZU-TOERRING-JETTENBACH.

For this wedding at Bartenstein Castle where Hohenlohes have lived since 1457, the celebrations sizzled with vitality. Both the bride and the groom love to dance and to hunt. The pre-wedding dance went on, from waltzes to the Hully-Gully, until four in the morning. The next afternoon, guests in tweeds and Tyrolean hats gathered at the hunting pavilion of Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg for a shooting match, grilled sausages, and beer. Everything brought superlatives: the weather, the prettiness of the bride, the guests' royal jewels—especially those worn by the groom's aunt, the Duchess of Kent, and by the Countess of Paris, two of whose daughters are part of the gala wave of royal marriages which swept Europe this year.

BELOW: PRINCESS GEORG-WILHELM OF HANOVER, WITH PRINCESS MARGARETHA ZU SAYN-WITTGENSTEIN-BERLEBURG, THE MOTHER OF PRINCESS TATJANA, ANOTHER OF THE ROYAL SUMMER BRIDES.



ALEXANDRA DOHNA



NEW JAPAN

"PILLOW-BOOK" NOTES FROM AN HONOURABLE PICNIC WITH NO SPECIAL PLANS

BY ROSEMARY BLACKMON

"There is nothing in the whole world so painful as feeling that one is not liked . . . Yes, at home or at court, the one thing that matters is to be liked by everyone from Their Majesties downward!" . . . This highly scrutable emotion flowed from Sei Shōnagon, a cat-tongued courtesan who improved any number of shining hours in tenth-century Japan and then told what she felt like telling in a journal called *The Pillow-Book*. Her point of view—about being liked, for instance—is as Japanese now as it was then. Which is marvellous for travellers. Let a smile be your umbrella—or put forth any other loving and giving attitude you're good at—and Japanese entrancements, fabled and otherwise, will whirl from the sky like cherry petals on a rainy day.

TOKYO: THE QUICK PLUNGE

The gaudiest nights in the world. If you fly—B.O.A.C. took care of me—you're apt to land at dusk. . . . Throngs of Japanese in close formation on the airfield's observation deck holding up bright red and yellow name-flags to signal arriving kith and kin. Through customs and into full darkness angled everywhere by neon billboards—outrageous and exciting: a whole new palette of fluorescence and astonishing special effects; one gigantic pinwheel in glorious blue. . . . From Haneda Airport to Tokyo can be a long, long ride, but the first time around it's certainly not a bore, and the city mounting slowly from small shops and huddled houses to great blazing towers of glass, torn-up streets, and the flash of construction drills working day and night in every thoroughfare and cul-de-sac, is instantly "New Japan," a catch-phrase you can expect to hear everywhere from there on in.

Past the pinging, smouldering Pachinko parlours, the coffeehouses and jazz places—red-lacquered shrines slivered in between—with the signs suddenly switching from unreadable to "German Bakery" and "Drink More Beer for Your Health," and on beyond traffic more snarled than Manhattan's, you may find yourself in the pure, clutterless calm of a Japanese-style hotel room. As one new arrival said ten minutes later, "No chairs. . . . It's great, but where do you put your socks?"

More than anything else this throws people—this constant switch from high-powered excitement to stages of composure as pure as geometry, and much more alluring. A slight swimming of the senses seems fairly normal for the first few days in Tokyo and usually subsides when you observe, with some surprise, that you're feeling less schizoid and even rather relaxed. In any event, everyone—the Japanese, long-term British residents, and your American friends—will recognize your symptoms and discuss them sympathetically with a certain gentle relish. Only two topics beat this gambit: construction and geishas. A friend of mine set some sort of daily-double record in *that* area when he encountered a geisha who interspersed all the properly playful advances with an informed discourse on the virtues of reinforced concrete.

Three little words are heard everywhere: "Tokyo's a mess." Maybe . . . but in every sense of the word, sensational! Where else would the cops keep order at a mass demonstration by swinging bright-yellow Japanese lanterns? Where else is the Bar Broadway fake Tudor, and two minutes' walk from the most elegant kimono shop? . . . Some of the taxis are strawberry pink. . . . There's a night place called "Tact" with a Byzantine façade. . . . And once we saw a man on a motor-scooter, feet on handlebars, who took off his gauze T.B.-and-air-pollution mask to smoke a High Life cigarette in a traffic jam.

In a city where "modern" equals "good," it's hard to know how one feels about the new thruway overpass in the Ginza, obscuring the Nihon-bashi Bridge that marks the beginning of the old Tokaido Road—Tokyo to Kyoto—and the lively exploits of the Hiroshige prints about the life along the way. . . . Especially since the New Japanese have intuitively painted their monstrous overpass with shiny enamel that reflects the dappling river flowing beneath it. . . . Pop art, a small rage in the Tokyo galleries, is never better than the unstaged displays in the windows of any small café or restaurant: visual menus of plastic food beautifully arranged as it will appear on your table, price tags for every dish—plates of sashimi, the raw fish which is the test of every traveller's daring and good will; yakitori, or chicken chunks skewered and barbecued; shrimp; eels; noodles; chocolate eclairs; ham and eggs; a Martini with an olive, a Manhattan; hot dogs of all sizes; a string of soda-fountain specials with luxurious mountains of waxy whipped cream, strawberries, and split bananas.

Going anywhere in Tokyo takes a frustrating eternity, though they say the new streets will be finished and functional before the Olympics. Right now there's consolation in the fact that almost any mission will sweep you past some section of the enormous wall surrounding the enclave of the Imperial Palace. Made of great grey stones, slightly irregular and ingeniously fitted together without mortar, it is the prototype of impressive walls all over Japan, many of them preserved from the feudal heyday of the shoguns. My own obsession with these walls, which I nurtured silently, like Schliemann moving in on the treasures of Troy, rapidly attained proportions I feared were slightly irrational, and I was comforted to learn from a young Japanese friend that this is considered a very becoming neurosis, one which she herself shared. It is, in fact, the basis of the sculptor Nagare's design for the Japanese Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, and his stones, like those of the shoguns', are individually numbered so that the walls can be taken down, moved, and resurrected with astonishing speed. . . . When you can't speak the language, there's a certain cosiness about sharing fixations.

SAKE. . . . WITH WAUGH ON THE SIDE

"Like all good things on earth, it's hand-made." . . . This summary ode to sake—and there are many in Japan—came from Kenichi Yoshida, an expert sake taster who has the added social virtues of being a writer and a distinguished translator, as well as the son of a former prime minister. Last year he turned Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* into Japanese, and before this year is out he expects to finish *Black Mischief, The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold,* and the E. M. Forster novel, *Howards End*. . . . We sat on the tatami at lunch in his club, a cool, sympathetic haven in the upper regions of a Ginza office building. The unilingual mind boggles at the thought of Waugh in Japanese; it's a literary experience I will obviously never have—we discussed the *Brideshead* scene on the high seas—but if it can be done, I feel sure Yoshida is the man. For one thing, he's Cambridge; his grey flannels and navy-blue blazer had the proper lived-in, bashed-about look, and the conversation was excellent—lots of unexpected pounces that touched obscure nerves, flagrant touches of gall and wormwood.

This is Shakespeare's year in Tokyo as it is here, there, and everywhere, and Mr. Yoshida had just come from a radio broadcast in which he shared the air waves with Anthony Powell, who seemed to me the one English writer more remote from the Orient than Waugh; I'd read that he was there to do or die for the Bard. "Let me put it this way," gravelled Yoshida, "Shakespeare was English, and Powell's English."

We had some sake . . . and this is not a moment to be taken lightly. The Japanese feeling for sake is perhaps less disciplined and rarefied than the French emotion about wine; it's also more intense, ranging from the ceremonial (you see jugs and jugs racked up in the temple porches) to the simple, unvarnished, non-apologetic pleasure they take in consuming thoroughly intoxicating amounts of sake—tiny cup by tiny cup. As usual, the woodblock prints are straight from life—note those merry faces tumbling along the Tokaido Road.

Complications are not absent. I had thus far mastered only one rule of the typically intricate politesse: you must offer your cup. From there on in I floundered soberly through the elaborate pavane with all my overwhelming Occidental inadequacies. . . . As far as I have gathered since, one should from time to time exchange cups, pour drinks from one's own earthenware jug into friends' cups, occasionally offer a cup to a favoured servant, move things about a good deal, and . . . well, I really don't know. Two concrete facts gripped me forever: Japanese food, which can seem fairly abstract to the uninitiated, is meant to be eaten with sake. And, in spite of the fact that the sake industry is prodigious, the supply never quite keeps up with the demand.

One glorious maxim topped off our lunch: "The way to be a tycoon in this country," maximed Mr. Yoshida, "is to behave like a slave." . . . It was a thirty-second English reprise of half a dozen five-to-ten-minute conversational interludes he had with the waitress and with the management. "I explained," he said, "that I knew we were taking a great deal of their time, that I hoped it was not inconvenient." . . . Alas, I can no longer recall the other courtesies and compliments, though at the time I memorized them carefully and used them to some advantage whenever I got the chance.

HELLO, ROXANE-SAN

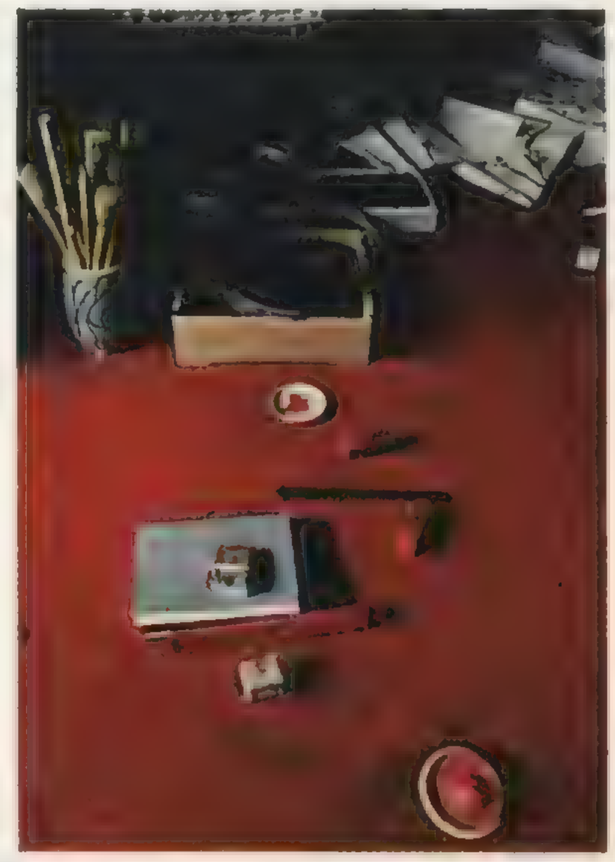
Bert Lahr once told me—when I asked him how he happened to do Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*—"I could sense the brilliance of it." Never before or since have I seen Mr. Lahr identified with this particular theatre wing, but I guess I know what he meant. My first theatrical experience in Tokyo was *Cyrano de Bergerac* played in Japanese at the Nissei Theatre with the great Kabuki actor, Onoé Shoroku, as a really splendid Cyrano—full of swash and buckle with all the ironies heavily underscored by his stylized Kabuki diction. I can't imagine why it worked, but it did—in spite of strangely wooden fencing and flirtations even less flirty than the script's; in spite of the fact that the phrases one caught were a hazard to the English ear: "Moshi, moshi," for the entrance of crowds—this happens to be the Japanese "hello" used only on the telephone; Christian's impassioned approach to the balcony scene—"Roxane-san"; and "sayonaras" spilling madly into the night. Off-stage and on, "sayonara" always had a certain shock value for me caused, undoubtedly, by an erroneous notion that it belonged to a language spoken only in Hollywood.

At the same theatre—new and dazzling enough to send Equity into a long run of pique—I met, several nights later, Yukio Mishima, the elegant, tensile young lion of New Japan's literary set. In English probably his best known book is *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion,* a brilliant novel with a good deal to say about Zen Buddhism. Success becomes Mishima, and he has not, I suspect, denied himself some of its trappings. His dark crew-cut was immaculate; his suit the kind of pale grey that is only right when (Continued on page 99)









ABOVE AND ON THE NEXT THIRTEEN PAGES, A PERSONAL VIEW OF JAPAN BY IRVING PENN.



PENN'S JAPAN

A PERSONAL VIEW... THE LAND... THE LIFE... PHOTOGRAPHED HERE AND ON THE NEXT PAGES

Rocks and islands rising from the sea—natural shapes like a Zen garden—seen from the Izu Peninsula.



KAYA GRASS BORDERING THE INLAND SEA
Photographed at dusk on the shore of Shikoku, the large island south of Kobe.

A JAPANESE GARDEN IN A BOWL OF SOUP
Tiny mushrooms floating above leaves and a spring flower in a black lacquered bowl. The Japanese sensibility for the form and colour of food is highly sophisticated; the taste on the palate is often surprisingly bland.





PENN'S JAPAN



MEDITATION IN A ZEN GARDEN
At Daisen-in Temple in Kyoto: grey pebbles raked to a precise pattern symbolizing the sea of nothingness –this temple's famous dry-landscape garden where children, pilgrims, and sightseers sit and stand in contemplation. Here, the young priest who will be the temple's next abbott in an early morning attitude of disciplined meditation.

PENN'S JAPAN



THE PACHINKO PLAYERS
Lines of people—faces fixed, eyes glassy—feeding steel balls to bright, jangling machines for hours at a time, inducing a strange hypnosis—a uniquely Japanese absorption in which the element of choice is almost missing.

TORII AND BLOSSOMS
The torii gate is the mark of the Shinto shrine. For most Japanese, Shintoism is "the religion of life"; Buddhism, the "religion of death." Weddings are Shinto, funerals Buddhist. Photographed during the cherry blossom season in Oyama, a small town at the foot of Fuji.



PENN'S JAPAN



SCHOOLBOYS FISHING NEAR FUJI
On Sunday morning in marsh country at the foot of Mt. Fuji, the pursuit of a favourite Japanese pleasure.

STONE FIGURES IN A BUDDHIST SHRINE
Jizo—the god of the bibbed images—is the protector of children, the guide who takes small souls across the river of death. On the bib are written the names of children in his care. These figures are everywhere in Japan—in the temple compounds, along the roads; at the feet of Jizo there is often a heap of round stones placed there by the parents to build a bridge across the river into Paradise.

On the next two pages:
THE GINZA AT NIGHT
Staggered signs marking the hundreds of small nightclubs and eating places massed in the Ginza district of Tokyo. Bars and girls for every taste with music in character—Vivaldi to the Beatles.

THE NUDES OF NEW JAPAN
In the nightclubs of Tokyo's Akasaka district, the specialties are nudes and expense accounts—the cabaret girls much prettier than geishas. . . . Since nudity was not erotic in prewar Japan, the girls were brought on originally to please Western eyes, but now strip shows stir more interest than geisha parties.


BAR
ゲラン
PENN'S JAPAN





A GEISHA MAKES UP
First, a masque of dead white brushed on with water by this Kyoto dancer photographed—against all the traditional customs of the geisha—in her own house in the Gion quarter.

NEW JAPAN

(Continued) the fabric is superb—the tailoring was a bit on the sharp side, but his moccasins (*the* shoe in Japan) were very chic indeed.

The Nissei Theatre, according to Mishima, is Japan's first large-scale experiment in the continuous production of modern plays—a sweeping category since *Richard III* preceded *Cyrano* and the next show was to be his own new play, *Harp of Joy*, a serious work very much of the present with "no erotic scene."

I knew that Ionesco and Tennessee Williams had both scored hits in Tokyo, and I had asked a number of people just what the Japanese made of Blanche DuBois and all those others. Only Mishima had an answer: "We love tragedy and defeat—not comedy, hope, and victory. *Streetcar* was right for Japan because the typical Japanese heroine is neurotic. Blanche, a peaceful, graceful woman degenerating and going mad—a snob deteriorating—was an especially familiar spectacle in post-war Japan."

Edward Albee's *Zoo Story* went well in Tokyo and there's an urge to do *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* that's been stymied for lack of a suitable actress. Among novelists, those same old names are the ringers—Hemingway and Faulkner, with a small, recent rage for Norman Mailer "because of his attitude . . . he is a hero of American culture."

Although Mishima himself has been widely identified as a leader of Japan's "Lost Generation," or, as it is properly called in Japanese, "the après-guerre school," he finds this clique far from sympathetic—"full of complaints and very self-conscious. . . . I wanted to be honest and have my own ego, and in *The Sound of Waves* [an early novel] I wanted to realize the classicism of Japan." Later, when pressed about his own vanguardism: "I hate the concept of change."

A good many standard gags make the Tokyo literary circuit about the terrific pressure that's part of the life. One author is said—I hope, apocryphally—to produce a book every four days; and almost all novels are produced serially in the manner of Dickens' England with the writer grinding out a chapter just in time to meet a magazine deadline. Mishima has the reputation of being a stupendous, mostly nocturnal worker, but I liked the slightly fierce Japanese laugh with which he said, "We don't expect any inspiration at all."

In other encounters, I was told *The Bad Seed* was a smash in Tokyo, along with *Eloise* which intrigued an audience unaccustomed to "the idea of a bad child." High among the nonstop best sellers: *Little Women* and *Daddy-Long-Legs*.

BLOSSOMTIME WITH MADAME AT THE INN

Tokyo—apart from such sparse historic landmarks as palace walls—is for many people just too *hade*, a word variously translated for me as "gay," "New Japan," or "the opposite of *shibui*." Eventually the message came through clear and strong one evening when I dined with some Japanese friends in a thoroughly Japanese restaurant. At a table near ours there were three girls of about twenty—all very sprightly in vivacious red dresses and (for the Japanese) daring make-up. "*They*," said my hostess, "are *hade*." When *hade* palls, the cure is Kyoto.

Fuji could scarcely be more elusive; Japan's seascape climate produces in quantity a compelling, other-worldly haze that has starved countless travellers for the merest glimpse of the peak that Just Ought to Be There, as it is on all the postage stamps. By accident, I had the wit to resist suggestions about taking the train to Kyoto; the flight is quick; the victory, sublime. . . . Fuji, a splendid bulk, snowy and colossal above the clouds, is a reality so like the dream that magnificence is trebled by the shock of recognition.

Teruko, my pretty and engaging young interpreter, had arranged for rooms at a Japanese inn remote from international (or Westernized) Kyoto and, as it turned out, not altogether typical—though, personally, I doubt that any Japanese inn is without a few startling idiosyncrasies, among which, by the way, mixed bathing is no longer very likely and definitely not *hade*. Ours was run by a tiny and still very flowery-and-willowy ex-geisha, which was, I suppose, why she was referred to exclusively as "Madame" or "Madame at the Inn." And as someone pointed out, "a lot of people in this town know her." . . . Madame's first assistant came at a quick little run to open the gate—wearing, as I recall, a kimono, though she often appeared less formally in a mohair sweater of arresting baby blue. Then Madame on the steps, luring us out of our shoes, bowing in the standing position, bowing on her knees, uttering shrill confusing cries of welcome in Japanese. It was an enchanting, truly Japanese house—the tatami impeccable, the small shrine in the doorway immaculately kept, the wooden stairs polished to the point of slippery; and the rooms on the second floor, which Madame suggested for three of us who were totally ignorant of both the language and the life, looked out on a charming L-shaped garden. Marvellous; we loved it. . . . How crass, how insensitive we were to think that settled things. And above all, how graceless. Negotiations were far from resolved. Madame apologized for being caught without her make-up on. Downstairs, tea was brought to what I somehow still think of as "the front room." Madame spoke at length of the smallness of the inn, the fact that there was only one TV because it was, after all, such a small inn. Teruko translated . . . we bowed . . . Madame bowed . . . more tea. . . . Teruko inquired on her own if we could be happy. . . . Ecstatic, we said. . . . Teruko told Madame we would be ecstatic, and it takes longer in Japanese. . . . Madame asked if Teruko would mind sleeping in the tea-ceremony room. . . . No, no. . . . Then *we* asked Teruko if she would mind sleeping in the tea-ceremony room. . . . Roughly an hour and twenty-seven bows later, it was agreed that we would stay (Continued on page 135)





H.R.H. PRINCESS PAOLA OF LIÈGE

"THE IMAGE OF A PRINCESS, THE HINT OF A QUEEN"

H.R.H. Princess Paola of Liège, twenty-six years old, married to King Baudouin's thirty-year-old brother and heir presumptive, Prince Albert, is the golden-haired, golden girl of Europe.

Her beauty is so real, so natural, it may slightly numb people who meet her. Her manner is as open as a fawn's eye, and as contained as an egg. She has the fairy-tale quality of a Dancing Princess who hasn't stopped dancing, combined with a wholly modern wonderment of youth. It is hard to believe, at first sight, that she has not only been married for six years but has three children: Prince Philippe, who is four years old, Princess Astrid, aged two, and Prince Laurent, not yet one. Princess Paola lives with her husband and children in the Château Belvédère, overlooking grounds which were once part of the Brussels World's Fair. She was photographed there for Vogue in a room that has the clear stamp of Princess Paola—an Italianate sunny lightness in the Belgian North. (Continued on next page)

HENRY CLARKE





PRINCESS PAOLA

Princess Paola, shown here walking after a rain shower in the park at Belvédère with her two older children, is a marvellous mother, interested, devoted, almost child-like with her children. The seventh child of Prince and Princess Fulco Ruffo di Calabria, she remains, in spite of her official princess rôle, an attached *fille-de-famille*. Her air of child-among-children spells precisely part of her enchantment. She is a touch *capricciosa*, a little heady for a Royal Princess. She wears a bikini. She dances the Twist. She rides a camel in blue jeans. She raises occasional eyebrows, because she is not Old Hat. She could swim all day, dance all night, and play with her children at any hour. She wears no make-up—except, at times, the emphasis of shadow above her eyes—and little jewellery (to her, it's bad luck). For this photograph, she wore a navy-blue pea jacket, beige walking skirt, and boots, her blond hair skinned back and caught up with a ribbon. (Continued on next page)

HENRY CLARKE

PRINCESS PAOLA

Princess Paola, here with her children on the terrace at Belvédère, is, inevitably, a public person of Belgium. Prince Albert and Princess Paola travel frequently, turning Official Good Will Tours, so often dusty with ritual, into trips of remembered attractiveness and interest, needled with bright surprise—both the Prince and Princess take photography earnestly, may arrive for public engagements weighted with cameras. Princess Paola, who speaks English in a hesitant, appealing way, is likely to make "fractured-French" *faux pas*, which she may, or may not, drop deliberately. She has committed herself to the work of the Belgian Red Cross of which her husband is President. If Princess Paola is—with her elusive beauty and her changeling message of youngness—the image of a princess, she has about her, as well, the hint of a queen.

HENRY CLARKE



FEAR OR COURAGE?

THE QUESTION THAT COMES BEFORE POLITICS

BY MARYA MANNES

One hundred years ago, I am told, the English writer and poet, Matthew Arnold, wrote: "The great mass of the people will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they really are."

The coming elections will show us whether now, a hundred years later, in this great democracy, this is still true. But we don't have to wait for November to wonder whether too many of us have refused to see things as they really are for quite a long time. And we don't have to go very far to find Americans—good, decent, patriotic citizens—who close their eyes to the realities of this world because they want to cling to the known past instead of move to the unknown future. On Long Island no less than the southwestern deserts of Arizona and Texas, and the mammoth Californian slurbs, frightened and frustrated people shriek for easy solutions, and for those who promise them, in a time that provides none. Send the Marines! Cut off aid! Abolish taxes! Defy the Supreme Court!

Do something! they shout. Do anything! But don't think. Don't face the realities. This world is in revolution, but we're going to stay as we are. So say the good Americans who think that by waving the flag, preserving school prayers, and damning Communism, they are not only saving our way of life but preserving the Constitution. What they are really doing, in fact, is embalming it; echoing, in shared ignorance of the Constitution itself, the views of their favoured political leaders. These are the Non-Thinkers and Know-Nothings of our day—the reducers and diminishers of the large truths.

What is more, they are afraid. These are the timid people who see in anything new and different, in any growth and change, a threat to their single lives, to that pursuit of happiness which has now come to mean, to far too many, the pursuit of the extra buck.

It is to such people that Senator Fulbright addressed himself some months ago when he pled with us to adapt ourselves to reality, to shed old myths, and to dare think unthinkable things.

"When our perceptions fail to keep pace with events," he said, "when we refuse to believe something because it displeases or frightens us, or is simply startlingly unfamiliar, then the gap between fact and perception becomes a chasm and actions become irrelevant and irrational. . . ." "We must learn," he said later, "to explore all of the options and possibilities that confront us in a complex and rapidly changing world, we must learn to welcome rather than fear the voices of dissent."

The Senator was, of course, speaking about specific areas of our foreign policy, but what he says confirms what some of us have long felt: that Americans—the great revolutionaries, the bold explorers, the brilliant innovators—were becoming afraid of change and resisting change at their own . . . our own peril.

For these are not the true conservatives. The true conservatives want to preserve the revolutionary fire of the American spirit, the quest for a society constantly developing to meet each new demand and need as it arises, to renew itself for new conditions. They want to save this marvellous land from its exploiters and defacers. They insist on the rule of law and reason as against the rule of license and emotion. The true conservatives do not return to the past: they build on it for the future.

The frightened, angry people are not conservatives but reactionaries. They react against maturity as children react against adult responsibility. They are afraid of growing up.

Fear of change does strange things to people. It closes their

eyes, it ties their hands, it stops them from thinking or questioning. Fear of change really is, in its largest aspect, fear of growth. We want to stay the way we are, and a great many—too many—of us stay adolescent, if not infantile. Maturity means responsibility and independence of mind—and we'd much rather stay swaddled in the comforters of safe and accepted values, because Baby, It's Cold Outside.

I can well see why rich and easy-going people like ourselves don't particularly want to change. All we want is more of everything we've got—more cars, more houses, more cash, more leisure, more boats, and more fun. We also want more defense, more peace, and a man on the moon. And we think we can have all these things without changing the way we are. All we have to do is produce more and buy more.

I think the time has come not to buy more, but to be more—and that means sacrifice and it means discipline and it means courage to face, and not fear, change. President Kennedy said this in his inaugural address, but could not live to tell us how. I suspect he felt that people were not ready for change, or discipline, and he may have been right. If so, the fault lies with the leaders of our society—in Congress, in mass communications, in the pulpit, in the schools and colleges, in the labour unions and the business community. (The last two, ironically, both see change as a threat instead of a challenge.)

Eighty percent of television and radio and a majority of the nation's press is dedicated to trivial entertainment or to the selling of goods to keep us from thinking. While the citizens of totalitarian states are subjected to political brainwashing, we are exposed continually to commercial brainwashing, and though the latter is certainly to be preferred, it is far from harmless.

For it gives us false images of ourselves, of society, and of the world. In making youth the only desirable condition in man or woman, it has made us not only fear age but refuse to plan for it spiritually, socially, or medically on a wide national scale. Nothing in our mass culture gives age dignity, security, or worth.

In resisting the continuing revolution of the sexes—a change in the rôles of men and women as the inevitable result of the emerging identity of women—we are filling the couches of psychiatrists instead of building a free strong community of men and women who live up to their full potentialities.

In a compulsive fear of Communism, we are incapable of examining it coolly out of reason, if only to find out the sources of its power for our own defenses against it.

In an equally obsessive fear of Socialism, we deny ourselves certain social techniques and advantages which the free nations of Europe have managed to combine with their capitalist economies for the public good.

So we spend our time worrying about all these different social and political and biological revolutions rather than about the deep sicknesses in our society which are really sapping it, and which are the product not of change, but of inertia and atrophy. Let's worry about these first. All of them arise from a distortion of the word, Freedom, into the word, License.

On the one hand, an illiterate police chief or a band of superpatriots can ban a textbook they think subversive or take a classic out of a public library because it contains certain words. On the other hand, a deluge of pornography floods the nation through the mails and we do nothing about it because any action is an abridgment of Freedom. We cry "Censorship!" because we fear to make a distinction between a salacious photograph and a Titian nude, between honest sex and commercial pornography. That adolescents are fed this filth is apparently less of a worry.

On the one hand, we proclaim our Christian morality as a society under God. On the other hand, corruption has spread to a prodigious degree in every sector of our life. It ranges from a two-dollar bet to a twenty-thousand bribe, from falsifiers of tax returns to dishonest city officials, from cheaters at examinations to misleading advertisers, from corrupt union leaders to price-fixing corporations. It would be comforting to say that these are the exceptions. The truth is that they have made the line between legal and illegal, moral and immoral so blurred that a majority of our people can no longer see it clearly anymore. Anything goes, so long as you don't get caught.

If this is the status quo we are so bent on preserving in the name of freedom, or free enterprise, then any change is preferable if we are not to succumb to complete anarchy.

For it is in the end anarchy we have to fear most; and it takes its shape in two great explosions that deny man his life and his dignity. The first is the population explosion, the second the nuclear explosion. It may surprise you that I put the one before the other, but I feel as of now that it is the greater danger, and may well be the fuse that will ignite the second.

Both stem from the refusal of men to face reality by changing their way of living and thinking. Both inherently are a refusal to put the good of all ahead of the good of self. Privatism dictates that you bear all the children you want regardless of what their future may be in a world without space for them. Nationalism dictates that you maintain sovereignty regardless of human survival.

We became leaders in the first place because, in our revolution, we initiated a new concept of society—the concept of federation under freedom. We changed the face of modern society, and for nearly two hundred years our power in the world has been as a symbol of change.

We are not that now. We are richer and mightier. We are the greatest consumers in the world. We hold out to all the impoverished and emerging peoples in the world the marvellous bounty, the material blessings, of a capitalist economy. But is that enough to capture the soul of man? Is talk of freedom enough? I don't think so. I think we have got to be bold again, to advance new ideas, to demand brave leadership, to produce new visions that prove we are not only unafraid of change but determined to be its innovators. And we have to start right here at home.

The first thing to do is to stop being afraid of the wrong things. Don't let yourself be stampeded or brainwashed by accepted social attitudes, or commercial pressures, or the counsel of politicians who say no to everything new because they are fearful of change.

Examine the new and the different and the difficult with a cool and open eye and not with the heat of prejudice.

Ask yourself, when you see our ugly cities, our monotonous suburbs, our shoddy transit systems, our crowded schools, our delinquent young, our unstable old, whether we have indeed produced the highest standard of living, or whether we have put private pleasures above public need.

Open your mind by reading those books and magazines which are not afraid of the truth, however unpalatable, and which are immune from partisan or commercial pressures which distort fact.

Don't allow demagogues to obscure reasons by inflaming emotion. The demagogue succeeds only with frightened people.

Whatever you think, speak up. The great and wonderful difference between us and the totalitarian state is that *it* speaks with only one voice while *we* speak with many. In a democracy silence is abdication.

All this is a counsel of courage, and courage is not easy. The temptation to stand by and do nothing is great. But because too many people are doing just that, we are becoming a spiritually flabby and morally shabby society, uncertain of our direction and confused about our growth.

We read of ordinary citizens standing by, doing nothing while fellow beings are savagely attacked. When your own future is in mortal danger of being strangled by fear and apathy and cowardice, it is your moral obligation not only to speak out but to act.

THE FRESH GREENS OF AUTUMN FOR THE SMALL SMART SPENDERS



Bright green broadcloth coat, fly-closing at the side.

By Bill Blass for S. J. Buchman. Of Stevens wool. Sizes 7-14. $45. At Altman's.



Blue-grass velveteen, above, riding bareback to dancing class—box-pleated in front, with white cotton organdie flowers buttoned around the neck.

By Florence Eiseman. Sizes 3-6X. About $40. At Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus.

Grass-green cotton smock, far left, stitched up in white, buttoned like a coat. Left, a cherry-buttoned coatdress of tiny green and white checks.

Smock by Kate Greenaway (Lowenstein fabric). Sizes 3-6X. About $5. At De Pinna; I. Magnin. Dress by Cinderella. Of Orlon and rayon. Sizes 4-6X. About $6. At Altman's; Rich's. Both: Joseph Horne.

Fresh-green velveteen with coveys of buttons on each shoulder, front pleats flowing from a high yoke.

By Youngland. Of Crompton cotton. Sizes 3-6X. About $15. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Halle Bros. All shoes by Capezio.

SKETCHES BY JACQUELINE DUHÈME



Smocked corduroy, left, in bluegrass green for little girls and their brothers. The dress is all fullness beneath a high waist . . . the little boy's play suit is all-of-a-piece with a pointy white linen collar.

Both by Bill Blass
for Celeste.
Of Crompton fabric.
Sizes 2-4—toddler.
About $15 each.
At Altman's.

Fuzzy emerald-green plaid, right, in a skirt of stitched pleats, worn with a buttoned knitted green pullover.

Both by Pandora. Sizes
7-14. Skirt of wool and
mohair, $9.
Pullover of Orlon,
$6. At Best & Co.;
Wanamaker's, Phila.

Velveteen party-dressing, below; she wears a princesse dress of inside-of-a-lime green, wavelets of lace for a collar. He wears green cotton velveteen shorts and a ruffled Swiss cotton eyelet shirt.



Dress by Sunny Lee.
Of Crompton cotton.
Sizes 3-6X. About $17.
At the Boys and Girls
Shop of Bergdorf
Goodman; I. Magnin.
Boy's outfit by Florence
Eiseman. Sizes 1-4.
About $25. At Best & Co.;
Little Bramson; I. Magnin.



SKETCHES BY JACQUELINE DUHÈME



The perfect school coat, above, in loden-green wool chinchilla cloth, like a stretched-out pea jacket with vertical pockets.

By Bill Blass for S. J. Buchman. Sizes 7-14. About $45. At Altman's.

Green velveteen dress with a fling of front pleats, round rolled collar and cuffs tied in velveteen. The young blade wears neat-as-a-pin corduroy shorts and a knitted white cotton turtleneck shirt.

Dress by Robert Love for Joseph Love. Of Crompton cotton. Sizes 3-6X. About $15. At Best & Co.; Hudson's. Shorts (Cone fabric) and shirt (Durene yarn) by Merry Mites. Sizes 3-6X. Shorts, $6. Shirt, $4. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Shaggy fake white Mongolian lamb coat lined with corduroy. Unseen, here, but understood: it's buttoned over something green.

Of acrylic pile (Glenoit fabric). Sizes 3-6X. About $35. By Helen Lee of Saks Fifth Avenue.

THE DRASTIC BEA

Stronger than the Atlantic cable...more urgent than jungle telegraph....This is what the beauty grapevine has become, lately, with its volunteer spy corps, its startling revelations across dinner tables, its speculations about who did or didn't have this or that mysterious new form of beauty therapy. . . . Like it or not, approve it or not, women are moving toward more and more drastic beauty treatments. And it's not only the look of youth

"It's not even in the same ballpark with paraffin. . . ." **THE SILICONE INJECTION TO LIFT LINES OUT OF FACES.**

From Germany where it's been in practice for better than ten years, from Japan where a specially adapted formula is shaping up with an eager eye to patent, and now from the United States where "it is investigative," the big news in face-lifting without surgery is: the silicone injection. Because no surgical operation will take care of frown lines, it is in this area that silicone has been most generally used cosmetically—and used with the most confidence by exploring U.S.A. dermatologists and plastic surgeons. The injection is like any subcutaneous injection; the pain it produces is equally brief. But because the purpose of the injection in this case is to fill out a depressed facial line, a space-filling substance is used. The reason for the election of silicone for office is this: of the fair number of foreign bodies which might be used, the silica atom appears to cause the least reaction in the human body. *Appears.* Among conservative scientists interested in the silicone idea, the expressed regret at this time has to do with the tremendous demand for the treatment; demand for a treatment for which clinical work preceded animal studies (there are at present only a few animal laboratories in the country involved in research on this project); demand for something for which the status of the material used has not yet been established with the Federal Drug Administration. While silicone injections may in time become the standard treatment for defects of the contour of the face, they will never become a beauty-salon treatment. Although they take only a moment to administer and cost relatively little (one shot, in what would be at most a series of three or four shots, costs about $25 per injection), they are serious medicine. . . . Asked whether silicone injections could eventually come to grief, as paraffin injections for the same general purposes did some years ago, one of the doctors appointed to the research committee on the silicone project replied, "It's not even in the same ballpark with paraffin." His hope: that silicone will develop no Achilles heel. His most gratifying experience with it so far: in balancing, and making normal in appearance, faces malformed by hemiatrophy—the rare but heartbreaking condition in which part of a face fails to develop.

Verdict: This looks promising. To have the treatment at present, however, means you're a guinea pig. If that's what you want to be, be a snob about the doctor.

"Isn't it nice to think that as you grow older your skin can look younger?" **SKIN REVITALIZATION BY APPOINTMENT.**

Skin specialists have to watch their language. For many reasons, they must be wary of claims. But the hush at Janet Sartin's salon at 667 Madison Avenue is almost deafening. Discreet on several counts—because she's knowledgeable about the perils of claim-making, because she avoids medical implication-by-association, but most of all because she *is* a discreet woman temperamentally—little can be extracted from her if one observes, as one is obliged to, her wish to not be quoted. And yet the facts stand: Janet Sartin refines and improves the texture of the skin; when the Sartin system is brought into play the face which might have been en route to surgical face-lifting sometimes stops in its tracks. Her method is simple. She examines and properly cleanses the skin. Then, using rather special electrical machines, she stimulates the muscles and tissues of the face and neck, thereby improving the tone of the skin as well as the cushion on which it lies. Finally, she prescribes those cosmetics and preparations which her experienced eye tells her are needed *for that one woman's skin.* After a course of treatments (a minimum of $240 for six visits), she tells her clients to go away and not come back for six months. Once the muscles are awakened and the circulation stimulated, she believes the face goes on attending to itself on its own momentum. . . . Some of her documented successes have been in the help she gives a skin which has had dermabrasion but in time has returned to its pre-dermabrasioned state of acne and its resultant problems. Others have been in the lift of faces that *had* been fighting a losing battle against gravity. Others have been in the newly glowing excellence of formerly only-fairly-good skins of all ages. Mysterious though it has been made to seem, her system is faultless. Superb care *should* yield improved skin, after all.

Verdict: The Sartin system is drastic only in this sense: it's expensive (her treatment and products wear price tags that wouldn't shame a rather good emerald); and in this: most American women have not been trained to think of having skin care custom-made to this degree.

"Yes, it is sometimes done. . . ." **THE ARM OR LEG LIFT BY MEANS OF PLASTIC SURGERY.**

This form of cosmetic surgery is rare. An adaptation of surgical face-lifting procedures on the extensive scale of arms or legs, its purpose is primarily to pick up inches of loose-looking skin. The reason for its rarity: not that there aren't lots of women who'd like a skin-lift—but that the operation isn't liked by most plastic surgeons. To quote one: "Patients who have this done are trading loose skin for some very bad and unregulatable scars. And extremities are where one gets into circulation difficulties." Is it ever successful? "Only when there has been a perfectly tremendous weight loss—forty or fifty pounds. But even then, I do not recommend it."

Verdict: See above. Considering the source of the strong statement—a plastic surgeon with an open mind about methods and a sympathetic response to women's craving for beauty—need you hear more?

"It is our intent to maintain you, in your late fifties and later, at the biological level of a twenty-eight-year-old." **THE ESTROGEN PROGRAM OF INJECTIONS AND VITAMINS.**

When, for medical reasons, a woman who has gone through menopause is put on "a terrifically high hormone program," as one internist describes the treatment, all these things tend to happen: her skin blooms again, the softening of bone is arrested, her eyes are bright, her hair regains its quality, and she may resume menstruation. She is "young" again. Some endocrinologists have made a specialty of the estrogen treatment, and combine it with vitamin therapy. One group of endocrinologists has formed a special research foundation with this treatment its sole work. (From one of these men comes the statement quoted in the headline of this paragraph.)

Verdict: For the instilling of youth-by-the-shot, evaluation must come from your own physician. Hormone work is practised both within and without medical orthodoxy. The enlightened medical conservative would say, no doubt: Until the menopause has occurred, there is no point in undertaking this treatment. As long as the body is producing estrogen, there is no need for an outside supply.

"... then we mummify you in lotion-soaked tapes." **BODY-RESHAPING, WITH EMPHASIS ON THE LEGS.**

If a woman says she's just come from seeing her leg-shrinker, the chances are she's been at Ben Benné's at 30 East Sixtieth Street. There, in an atmosphere part locker-room, part beauty salon, a unique system for body recon-

UTY TREATMENT

they find so mesmerizing; it's beauty in every aspect, to the fullest degree.... The following is Vogue's evaluation of some of the most-asked-about "daring" methods available in the United States for the treatment of beauty disorders, mild to severe.

HOW FAR OUT MAKES SENSE?

touring is practised. The inventor of the system, the strapping Mr. Benné, is apt to greet his clients with a "Hiya, Doll"—a greeting either a remnant of his earlier days as a boxing trainer, or a whiff of his other current area of professional service: emergency treatment for show people with pulled muscles and a show that must go on. (During the Broadway run of *West Side Story*, Benné's place rocked with the daily clatter of performers wearing T-shirts and trouble with a capital T—namely, muscular damage acquired in the celebrated on-stage rumbles.) ... Benné's reshaping system consists of three parts. First, but optional, is massage for the area in need of reshaping. Second, a tight taping with what appears to be upholstery webbing soaked in a secret lotion (this, probably a saline compound). Third, a two-to-three-hour dehydration of the tape-wrapped portion of the body, facilitated by a plastic suit, an electric blanket, and a deck chair. For his crash program—a ten-visit course that costs about $125—Benné supplements the above with a set of excellent exercises meant to extend and maintain any reshaping benefits derived during treatment.... What Benné insists upon in any case is a tight plot of appointments. His failures, he says, are always due to appointment-skipping. "To get a good result, a client needs to keep three two-hour sessions a week." ... There are people who swear by Benné. There are also those who say he has accomplished nothing for them. In delving into the mixed notices, one finds—standing firmly on both sides—famous models, actors, actresses whose legs he has (or hasn't) reshaped; whose natural bustles he has (or hasn't) dissolved; whose faces he has (or hasn't) planed down from heaviness to martyrdom. Asked whether he could see any theoretical merit in the Benné system, a distinguished orthopaedic physician answered, "There could very well be a change in the contour as a result of the taping, but without knowing more about the treatment, I would say this would be temporary—as temporary as the shape a leg takes on after it's been in a cast following a skiing accident. ... As for the mysterious lotion, you can take it as a general rule that the medical profession distrusts the word 'secret.'" ... Asked her opinion of the system as outlined in words but not observed in person, another doctor, an internist whose outlook can be described as enlightened but orthodox, replied, "The only harm from my point of view lies in the deep massage of the extremities. People can have phlebitis without knowing it. They can also have varicose veins so deeply buried in the flesh of the leg that the existence of this condition isn't generally recognized."

Verdict: Iffy. But if you decide to give it a down-the-line go, get your doctor's permission before massage; be sure you have the time to complete the course. Also: pay special attention to Benné's exercise ideas—they are good.

"It isn't the models and actresses who clamour for this; it's the housewife in her thirties...." **BOSOM AMPLIFICATION BY SURGICAL IMPLANT.**

Although the implantation by surgery of a contour-increasing substance for the bosom has been known about and practised for years, it has had a dark side: the substances used in the past have sometimes turned brick-hard in the body; infection is not unheard of.... A promising "better substance" is being used more happily now: a simple silicone envelope filled with silicone gel. Slipped into the breast surgically through a slit made in the fold under the bosom, the silicone implant appears to have several advantages. It seems acceptable to the body; so far, it has no record of having turned hard. Hospitalization following this form of surgery averages four days; scars usually heal within ten days.... Although one respected plastic surgeon considers the desire for this operation misguided ("If women only knew how little this exaggerated bosom business really matters to men ..."), he accounts for his own performance in this particular operating theatre as a mandate: "If we won't do it, they'll find someone less qualified who will." At present, a number of women are implacable in their wish for the bosom implant. "And they're not the actresses and models, mainly; they're the housewife in her thirties," reported the plastic surgeon quoted above.

Verdict: A woman's reasons for wanting this operation may be based on a sad misconception about what actually constitutes femininity. The surgical implant of any substance is still experimental. Not to be overlooked: the small bosom usually ages better than the heavy one.

"You can hear the fat dissolving; it feeds upon itself." **THE HUMAN CHORION GONADOTROPIN INJECTION SERIES FOR WEIGHT-LOSS.**

Could you manage to get along on 500 calories a day for thirty or forty days straight, suffer no diet pangs, and at the same time feel able to continue your usual activities with no let-up? You could—with help. With the daily support of a doctor who weighs you every day, measures you every day, encourages you every day; with—if you go the gonadotropin route outlined by the famous Dr. Simeons of the Salvatore Mundi Hospital in Rome, and followed carefully by a *very* few qualified disciples in the U.S.A.—the further help of a daily injection that rushes the fat-dissolving processes and inhibits appetite. Still controversial as far as conservative medical practice in the U. S. goes, this system has serious and devoted advocates, as well as a now well-established success among some pretty trick patients. Clinical work in the U.S.A., however, is still limited to the private offices of a certain few interested physicians. No studies on a hospital-clinic level are in progress in the U.S. as yet. The strength of the treatment, according to several successfully-treated patients, is: because you live partly on the prescribed calories in the diet and partly on fats your body has stored away, you actually make a banquet of yourself, and consequently lose weight where you need to lose it without becoming gaunt. "You can actually hear the fat dissolving," one perfectly serious, no-fool woman reported recently. "One quiet night I heard it in my legs."

Verdict: Any medical treatment which alters the systemic processes is to be questioned. On the other hand, many treatments which have their origins outside the conservative U.S. medical fold have a difficult time establishing their safety and value. If you seek the gonadotropin treatment, shop carefully for the right doctor to administer it. He will measure you for fitness with a complete physical work-up.

"My forehead is smooth as glass; the lines are gone." **THE NEEDLE-ERASER FOR CERTAIN FACIAL LINES.**

In a series of treatments—to which, evidently, one becomes accustomed as they proceed—lines can be erased on a better than temporary basis. (If one calls a year or more better than temporary, that is.) The system involves a needle less fine than that used for electrolysis, but like an electrolysis needle, driven electrically. What happens is: the operator of the needle puts a microscopic trail of fine pinpricks down the gulley of the line, just under the surface of the skin. The passage of electricity causes the skin to entertain a condition known as edema—a swelling that in effect "raises" the line from its depth.... Over the years, a number of beauticians (among them, Elisabeth Ungar, of 160A East 70th Street) have become specialists in this process; and a number of faces make the pilgrimage every year or so to keep up the good work. Is it dangerous? Yes, to a mild degree. Any breaking through of the surface of the skin has potential danger. (Continued on page 140)

BEAUTY BULLETIN

August 15 prediction on hair: the way Vogue sees it going for the balance of the year

MUCH MORE HAIR, MANY MORE HAIRPIECES—THIS IS HOW THE HAIR NEWS STACKS UP FOR AUTUMN, WITH NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON REPORTING...

What looks right to us, as we begin to put clothes and women together for autumn, is a glorious big head of hair. Great gathered sheaves of hair. Plaits of hair. Hair crossed and strapped with bands of hair. Thick hair held back with hair. . . . For day, for autumn, hair is big, and no mistake. And for evening that appears to go double.

Where does all this leave the woman who has hit at last upon a small, nicely-keepable cut of swinging hair, and loves it? It leaves her doing one or both of two things: searching for new ways to make a small cut furl and unfurl more thickly (as at left, below); and laying in a supply of hairpieces as never before. By the time autumn begins to mean anything, she'll want one or more small hairpieces for day, and more than she'd ever dreamed of owning and wearing for evening. (The hairpiece record at the moment: held at right.)

There is, as one famously accurate predictor of fashion remarked recently, no such thing as too much hair for autumn. In fact, the look to try for is the *look* of too much hair. "Every woman is going to hoard hairpieces," she continued. Then, turning on her best Wall Street confidence-man whisper, she added, "And when the money comes rolling in, wait and see, the smart ones will just put it into more hairpieces."

New bigger idea for smaller cuts—a weight of silky hair at one side, a soup-bowl cut for the other. Day version of the more-hair look, by Vidal Sassoon of London.



Not all of that money is big-investment money, happily—though some of it ought to be. In the course of building several spectacular evening hair-glories for Vogue's autumn pages, the great Himself, the hairdresser Kenneth, observed that while he prefers working with the better stuff, there is nothing wrong with using inexpensive lengths of real or fake hair to bulk out the supply. And these can be several tones off in (Continued next pages)

All the hair one woman could pile on for any one evening—twelve hairpieces, in tiers, at right. Kenneth's record.

Contest in which only one hairdresser was the entrant, and one look the prize: the charge—to see how many hairpieces it might take to build a special evening *fantaisie* in which hairpieces were used to ornament hair. Four major hair-coloured hairpieces provided the skeleton. From there on, eight more were added in tiers—each of these, a slightly different gradation of colouring, a length anywhere from two inches to twelve. No contest has been held as yet to name the result—though "a charming Christmas tree" was one suggestion; "a perfectly beautiful little Spanish donkey's tail" was another. Kenneth was, as indicated, the hairdresser. Among the hairpieces used were a batch from Fashion Tress. The make-up, an experiment in a strong new pattern in black and white, was done for this photograph by Gil of Max Factor's salon in Rome. Just back from Japan, and much influenced by what he saw there, Gil "opened" this face with much white make-up; drew butterflies for eyes.

DAVID BAILEY





BEAUTY BULLETIN

MORE ABOUT THE MORE-HAIR LOOK... THE HAIRPIECES BEING HOARDED NOW

(Continued from preceding page) colour, no harm done. Gradations of tone actually can heighten and lighten the effect—whereas one-colour hairpieces with no range of tonality can make thickness appear a dead weight.

Apart from the ten-to-twelve-inch "fall" used mainly to bulk out and thicken hair at the crest of the crown, possibly the most useful single hairpiece you could put your money into next is a simple, straight, eighteen-to-thirty-inch length of good hair—this, ordered to match your own hair, or vice versa. Among its uses: as a one-sided loop. A side-hanging plait. A head-wrapping twist over which your own hair is drawn, as over a headband. A chin strap (as in sketches at left). Or, this same long, straight, uncommitted length of hair could be used in one of the most distinguished looks going: braided and wound in a scroll or flat clump, it could be the fixture that holds at the nape all the gathered loose ends of hair drawn back simply. To look new, this has to be done with a certain height all the way; back-combing begins right at the forehead.

Left, sketched for Vogue by Alexandre—his Paris more-hair ideas.

Other intelligent hairpieces to add to a growing collection: a series of baby ponytails, each fixed on a comb, or on a base no bigger than a penny. Strands like these can perform any number of loops or twists; several can be used together like lengths of woven satin ribbon or small flat basketries or straps of hair to toupet for evening a production in which hair is ornamented with hair.

What makes any hairpiece next door to useless is too much base—a base or foundation too heavy, too broad, too thick. Hairpiece flexibility depends upon a minimum of foundation, as some sadder-but-wiser women have found. Some of the latter have had to send their hairpieces out to be halved; halved in size, each half is twice as useful. . . .

At right, hair with more plot, more lift—and more hairpiece. Pierre Henri arranged.

Of all the ways hair and hairpieces can be thickened to gain more plot, more line, the ways sketched at left by Alexandre are among the most ornamental. 1. Chignon with false bangs made of tassels of jet. 2. Bow of hair and tulle. 3. A chignon called "Handles," inspired by Vicomtesse de Ribes. 4. "The Chin Strap," borrowed from the Middle Ages, all done with hair. 5. and 6. Chin strap: hair, pearls, tulle.

Dress at right, double-knitted wool. Blazing pink skirt, black top wreathed in a fringe of black wool at the neckline. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, about $45. Bias bell earrings by Arpad. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Hair: Pierre Henri.

PENN









There's more to these pages than the obvious delight of Audrey Hepburn wearing fascinating hats. Behind them, there's a spirited collaboration among three famous talents—namely, Miss Hepburn herself; Hubert de Givenchy, whose clothes she has worn and adored for years, both on- and off-screen; and Cecil Beaton, who designed the triumphant costumes for the original *My Fair Lady* on Broadway, and has designed all costumes and sets for the spectacular movie version—soon to be released—starring Audrey Hepburn as Eliza. Now, for the great triple play. Givenchy designed the hats on these four pages as brilliantly contemporary versions of the hats in *My Fair Lady;* Miss Hepburn wears them; and Beaton photographed them for Vogue....*Opposite page:* Edwardian bowler of camellia-pink brushed melusine, with a black velvet rose. *Above, left:* Deep-brimmed capeline—its shape, an echo of Ascot Opening Day—in black velvet; asymmetrical bow. *Above, right:* Some of the ladies in the Covent Garden scene wear little Oriental evening fantasies like this—bright jade-green velvet with tassels of cut feathers, crystal beads. (Miss Hepburn is mad about this one, plans to wear it often for late day and small dinners.) *Below, right:* An Edwardian child's sailor-hat done in wild mink, brown suède, with a flat brown-suède bow. Adaptations of many of the Givenchy hats on these four pages can be found in America at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's; I. Magnin. Miss Hepburn's coiffures, all four pages, by Roger of Alexandre.



AUDREY HEPBURN IN GIVENCHY HATS: MY FAIR LADY TO THE LIFE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON



THE NEW MY FAIR LADY HATS

"Them as she lived with," says Eliza Doolittle darkly in one famous scene, "would have done her in for her hatpin, let alone her hat." Here, looking well worth the risk—two more of Givenchy's *My Fair Lady* hats, worn by Audrey Hepburn. *Above:* With great amusement, Givenchy took the shapeless hat Eliza wears in the opening scene—as the forlorn little flower-seller—and translated it into this charming brimmed toque of emerald-green brushed melusine; in front, he perched a black velvet rose. *Opposite page,* a hat of another stripe—based on one of Beaton's marvellous extravaganzas for the Covent Garden Opera scene: a zebra-skin beret, puffed, gathered onto a black suède band; flat black suède bow in front. . . . Miss Hepburn's pleasure in wearing these hats, and owning several of them, springs partly from her admiration for the two designers involved, Beaton and Givenchy; partly from the fact that she adores hats for themselves. She always wears a hat off-screen—"I feel that I am not completely dressed without one. . . . The hat is part of the overall plan." She also likes the convenience of not having to redo her hair constantly, and dislikes the straggly, wispy look that besets hatless women when the wind blows: "It just isn't neat. . . . My hats take care of that problem."

CECIL BEATON





Storm grey: the tailor's suit-dress—knitted

The new way of grey life—a great life now in haberdasher tweeds and twills, in marvellous tonalities of oxford, smoke, and steel (one of these steels, really glinting in a shiny new lacquered matelassé). The new grey weaves are firm, dry, smoother, tighter, wonderful to tailor —and spectacular with white, often woven in, as shown at right, in flecks, checks, textures. Storm-grey knitting, left—firm and deep as thunderheads—in a perfect little dress as correctly tailored as a suit: high stitched yoke and pocket-flaps, proper round collar, a small shape with lengthened double-breasted jacket. Suit-dress by Kimberly, of needlepoint-knitted wool; about $70 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gus Mayer; Dayton's. The coiffure, by Ruel of Coiffures Americana. Fabric details, page 46.

The lively greys—firm, dry, glossy, white-flashed

PENN

The lively browns—ribs, ropy tweeds, tartans, cleared with white

Brightest in their class, these browns—rich tawny tortoiseshells, cognacs, shades of chestnut, peanut, fresh tobacco—in the close, dry haberdasher weaves that shape wonderfully bony little tailor-coats, suits. This brown picture, often cleared now with flashes of white, creamy paleness, or the cool beam of blue shown here. Lively brown plaid coat, left, in tortoiseshell shades of wool, hugely cross-barred. The shape, narrow, schoolgirl, with high revers, buttons to keep it close all the way down. More brown on the bright side: the brimmed bowler of leather. Coat by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Litex fabric. Pin-dotted silk scarf by Emily Wetherby. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves: Best & Co. Emme hat. Estée Lauder Café lipstick. For fabric details, see page 46.

The narrow coat—lively brown plaid with bright brown leather, blue silk



Here, and on the next six pages: real fashion finds. Days, everything's easy, correct—soft tweeds, plaids, pale Regency tonalities spiced with textured stockings. Black-and-white evenings in velvet or cloqué, worn with smooth gleaming hair, one terrific jewel. **$60,** left, for a rust-flecked black-and-white knitted wool tweed suit and creamy sleeveless blouse of double-knitted wool. By Sacony. Marvella earrings; both: Altman's. Suit, also at Filene's. Suède shoes by Andrew Geller.



BARGAINS IN CHIC

$55 for more than meets the eye, above: back-buttoned pull, side-wrapped skirt in black-and-blue wool checks, and—not shown—a sleeveless black Dacron-and-cotton turtleneck. By Dorothy Cox for Tanner. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. Fuchs gloves at Lord & Taylor. Shoes by Fiorentina. **$55** brings home the brown-and-white Glen-plaid wool suit, below right. Fly-closed jacket, shirt-collared and cuffed. Leather leash above a skirt of swingy pleats. By Claret. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Judith McCann earrings: Lord & Taylor. Shoes by Frank Cardone. Hats, this page: Adolfo. **$100** worth of thick pink wool tweed, opposite. Welted jacket angled out over a matching silk blouse and easy skirt. By Handmacher. Roger Van S belt. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Suit: Marshall Field; Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson. Hattie Carnegie hat. Joseph Fleischer hairpiece. Matching mouth: Marcelle's Pink Lustre lipstick.

LOUIS FAURER





BARGAINS IN CHIC

This is the way the day looks: soft, correct, paled in delicate Regency tonalities—mushroom, cream, grey; sparked with textured stockings, smooth hair in a schoolgirl braid. **$30** find, far left: pale-mushroom jersey dress—overblouse with a correct little collar, small set-in sleeves; easy skirt with a soft front pleat swinging over steel-blue tights. Dress by L'Aiglon, of bonded worsted jersey. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Rich's; Wm. H. Block. The necklace, by Nettie Rosenstein. At Bonwit Teller. **$80** for a marvellous suit, below left, of Regency-grey wool flashed with grey paled almost to white—tailored schoolboy jacket, double-breasted, belted at the waist and wrist. Underneath, a cap-sleeved dress with a pale-grey bodice, easy A-shaped skirt. By Junior Accent, of double-faced wool. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. The pale-grey pigskin gloves, by Fuchs. Coiffures this page: Michel Kazan. Both pages: Joseph Fleischer hairpieces. Lipstick: Pale Poppy by Rexall.



$50 wrap-up, above: easy two-piece dress in creamy knitted wool—small yoked pull with the loosest turtleneck, tiny sleeves; over a softly wrapped skirt. The right spicing: black-and-white checkerboard tights snugged into low black Pilgrim shoes. Dress by Nantucket Naturals. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; L.S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Tights by Topaz, at Bloomingdale's. Bracelet by Accessocraft. Shoes by Pappagallo. The coiffure, by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri.

LOUIS FAURER

$45 for a rainy day, far right, this page: Welt-seamed rainsuit, gleaming black—double-breasted jacket cut long and straight, with patch pockets, gilt buttons; front-panelled skirt flipped at the hem. By Couture Specialties, of Du Pont nylon puffed by Chem-Stitch process, laminated to Scott Foam. Best & Co.; Neiman-Marcus. Leather hennin by Emme. **$65** in black-and-white knitted checks, right. Slim skirt and hip-riding pull with pipestem sleeves, notched collar opened here on a white silk stock. The jaunty way to wear it: with a matching schoolboy cap pulled low on the brow. Dress by Carlye, of double-knitted wool. At Stix, Baer & Fuller; Denver Dry Goods. Bersoie scarf. Pappagallo shoes. Hat by Hattie Carnegie. **$55** tracks down herringbones, below—brown-and-white cardigan, pleated skirt, and a navy-blue sleeveless blouse with a cowled neck. Suit by California Girl, junior sizes, of wool-linen-and-cotton, with rayon blouse. Fuchs gloves. All: Lord & Taylor.



BARGAINS IN CHIC

$75-discovery in checks, above—crimson-and-blue knitted wool suit...red-edged cardigan with flap pockets; straight skirt. To the matching crimson overblouse we added a muffle of silk at the neck, gilt chain at the waist. Suit by Couture Imports. Lanolav gloves. Both at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Belt by Accessocraft. Stockings by Adler. Shoes by Pappagallo. Coiffure by Sebou, House of Revlon. **$50** wraps up the green, right—nubbly blue-grass wool coat cut close to the body, double-breasted, buttoned in gilt, caught with a belt in back. All very spiffy with a squash of cap, mad stockings. By Lassie Maid, of wool chinchilla cloth. At Altman's. Adler stockings: Lord & Taylor. Shoes by Stanley Philipson. Hat by Hattie Carnegie.

LOUIS FAURER





$190 seals you in black-and-white cloqué, left, a brief jacket lined in the white of the moulded bodice, above a long, eased skirt. By Seymour Jacobson, of rayon fabric. Hattie Carnegie; Hudson's; Blum's, Chicago. Judith McCann necklace and Lanolav gloves: Lord & Taylor. Delman shoes. **$145** for a narrow, panelled-back coat, above. Herringboned black silk cloqué, with slits to the knee and slanted pockets. By Cuddlecoat, of Onondaga silk-wool-nylon fabric. Henri Bendel. Coiffures this page: Sebou of House of Revlon. **$60** buys the sleek scheme, above right: an overblouse of white textured rayon above a column of black velvet. Skirt of rayon and Acele acetate (Martin fabric). By Pab Limited. Shalimar gloves. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Joseph Magnin. Brania earrings. Sebou of House of Revlon coiffure. **$135** seats you on the aisle in bubbly white satin matelassé, right: an open jacket with rhinestone buttons; scooped shell; lightly gathered skirt. Arbé Originals, designed by Dorothy Arden. Of acetate, nylon, and cotton. At Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. Coiffure: Sebou of the House of Revlon. **$35** for a black brocade dinner dress, far right, with a fresh green crêpe blouse, sashed in flower-centred black satin. By Leslie Fay of cotton-and-acetate brocade. Ring by Cadoro. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress also at Carson Pirie Scott; Best's Apparel. Coiffure by John of Enzo of Perugia.

BARGAINS IN CHIC







LOUIS FAUST

VOGUE'S OWN MENU



A SUMMER SUNDAY SUPPER FROM THE GARDEN FOR FOUR

YOUR OWN MELON
with Westphalian ham

YOUR OWN RADISHES
IN A SAUCE OVER LAMB*

YOUR OWN CORN
IN A SOUFFLÉ*

YOUR OWN TOMATOES AND
CHIVES IN A SALAD

YOUR OWN STRAWBERRIES
in champagne

THE DRINK: SPRITZER
(White wine and soda, iced)

The summer is sending out lush rumours of its decline. All those fresh guests of June and July are beginning to wither a bit upon the August weekend morning. And you have a month of it left.

Yet you wish to feed your captive crowd something at least reputable. Your glance strays out the kitchen window to the backbreaking garden you have been cultivating all summer long.

Why not do the sensible thing—eat it all at once?

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

LAMB WITH RADISH SAUCE

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

Enough cold sliced lamb for four
18 or 20 small round red radishes
1½ cups chicken broth
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish

Boil the radishes in the chicken broth for 5 or 6 minutes until they are barely beginning to soften. Remove them from the broth and place them over the lamb which you have arranged in a low ovenproof casserole.

Now, in a double boiler, melt the butter, add the flour, pour in the hot chicken broth and the teaspoon of horseradish, stir until smooth and creamy, then pour over the lamb.

Heat the dish in a 350° oven until it is hot and bubbly.

THE SNAPPER: The radishes.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

FRESH CORN SOUFFLÉ

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

3 ears fresh corn
½ cup unsweetened condensed milk
5 eggs, separated
Dash salt
Dash cayenne

Boil the corn for 4 or 5 minutes, cool it, cut it off the cob, separate kernels. Add the condensed milk, the salt and cayenne, and the egg yolks. Beat this up thoroughly.

Beat the egg whites until they are firm and stiff, then combine about a quarter of them very thoroughly with the corn mixture, then dribble the mixture over the remaining whites and mix well by lifting and folding.

Now set the whole mass in a lightly-buttered soufflé dish and place in a preheated 350° oven for 20 to 22 minutes—or until it is hot and brown.

THE SNAPPER: This good recipe never fails.

(Continued from page 99)

at the inn, and from that moment our lives—and ultimately our pocketbooks—were in the hands of Madame.

Japanese breakfast was a mystery to me except when there was a lacquered bowl of superb clam broth with perhaps a dozen sixpence-sized clams nestled at the bottom. Rice, I expected, but the pickled vegetables came as a surprise until I realized that pickled vegetables come with everything, but everything. One day there was a puzzling mound of chopped spinach, about a tablespoonful on its own little plate. . . . The Japanese, I discovered later, breakfasted on toast (from a pop-up toaster) and coffee.

Madame reached what I felt was some sort of peak one night when we came in about ten o'clock and were told politely, when we asked for her, that she was drunk. "Not *too* drunk," explained Teruko, whereupon Madame herself appeared in one of her most ravishing kimonos. There had been a party at the inn, and because she had to work so hard, because in these days the mistress worked and the maids were lazy, she had braced herself, I assumed, with sake. All her geisha airs and graces bloomed to full flower as we withdrew to the TV room which was, for obvious reasons, the real focus of the household. In the middle: the usual low square table, but with a quilt flowing out all around it. . . . No airs and graces were mine; when I sat back correctly on my heels, there was general consternation; the proper thing in this setup is to drop your feet—as everyone else did—into a table-sized pit where a small charcoal fire makes things snuggley.

It was the perfect moment for Madame to play back her geisha games—mostly some coy tricks involving a pair of magnetized kissing dolls. I was always behind on the gags since I had to wait for the translation which came slower and slower as the giggles got out of hand. Madame declared in her petulant-flirt voice that she hated men—I could have guessed that gambit, but I was wrong about the sake; she produced a bottle of Johnnie Walker from a goodly store of more of the same. . . . And yet in a way I was wrong about that, too, because I thought we were having a friendly drink on the house until I spotted the 500 yen on my bill.

Divine clichés—that's the real thrill in Kyoto, and it's not even fair to call them clichés. Except there you are with those "cherry flowers." With the strange low gong of temple bells to wake you in the morning. Great weathered temples seen through young greenery, wild plum, pine, and bamboo; far more moving than the bright new red and gold affairs in Tokyo—more temples than you can possibly manage though the fascination grows, and the appetite of the Western eye and ear rapidly becomes insatiable. Though I had often felt a slight Occidental impatience when the Japanese explained over and over how much importance they attach to the changing seasons, I found myself turning into a tiger-butter of sudden rapport when I went a second time to see the four-seasons ink paintings of Sô-ami at Daisen-in—misted, unreal, unattainable landscapes, a yearned-for celestial Japan painted on sliding screens.

I had gone first to Daisen-in with Teruko in search of a Buddhist priest whom we might photograph. We joined several teenagers and grey-haired ladies in kimono for ceremonial tea (a formidable brew) with Teruko's friend, Soën Ozeki, the priest adopted by the Abbot to succeed him. Pink bonbons, dense with sugar, were offered first, and Soën-san gave us frothing bowls of the powdered tea, indicating an invitation to stay and talk.

Teruko explained our mission, and we exchanged visiting cards—a gesture of vital importance everywhere in Japan. That familiar stab of agony in one knee was beginning again but I made a superhuman effort to maintain the protocol-kneel. "Please sit comfortably," commanded Soën-san in genial, flawless English. The rest of the conversation was Japanese; the impact of a powerful personality, unmistakable. And, of course, the will to teach: he agreed to pose for photographs himself and, taking my guidebook, marked a sentence about the temple's famous Zen garden which I must read that night—"From ancient times the turtle, which seeks the bottom of the ocean, has symbolized the depths to which the human spirit can sink, while the crane in flight symbolizes the heights to which the human spirit can soar." . . . I asked Teruko to explain as delicately as only she could that I wished to make a small contribution to the upkeep of the Temple.

At six the next morning in chilling rain, Soën-san greeted us wearing a robe of rough grey wool. Dimly we could hear the vibrato of a bamboo flute deep inside the main temple. While Soën-san assumed with silent, instant discipline the attitude of meditation, I applied myself to the abstract puzzle of the garden. A classic of the dry landscape style, built in 1509, it was designed—possibly by Sô-ami—with blue rocks to give the impression of an ink-painting landscape. A waterfall of rocks symbolizes the impetuous energy of man, tumbling into youthful rapids that whirl in dismay around tragedy (a stone like a tiger's head); there is a great "wall of doubt," a curved stone for the "treasure ship of experience" as human understanding broadens, and finally the smooth, skillfully raked pebbles of the "morning ocean" for the life of meditation that leads to absolute enlightenment. (Photograph, page 90.)

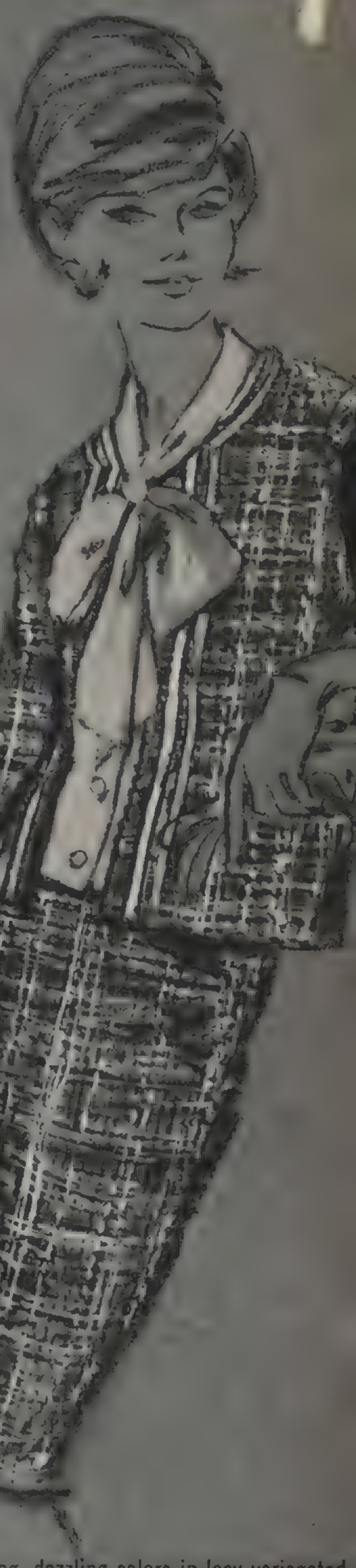
GAY LITTLE GEISHAS ARE HARD TO GET

In New York a dashing British professor and translator of Japanese pointed out to me, "It is just as outrageous to say 'take me to a geisha house' as it is to say to an Englishman 'take me to your club.'" It was perhaps the most useful single piece of advice I had. The Law of the Geisha is not only involved, inviolate, and inflexible; it is totally impossible to pin down. And for various reasons, I tangled with it everywhere.

For one thing, there are moments when the economy of the country seems to rest largely in those small scented hands. Madame at the Inn was a case in point of the geisha-turned-entrepreneur, and while it is obvious that the ladies have at each

(Continued on page 136)

Justin McCarty



Daring, dazzling colors in lacy variegated tweed of fluffed mohair and wool. The pure silk blouse picks up a splash of brilliance, as do the velvet bands on the casual jacket. A Justin McCarty suit designed by Jody VanAmburgh for the elegant individualist. Strawberry, orange flip, Tunis blue Blouses with blending tweed. Misses sizes . . . $90

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OAK PARK PARK FOREST
EVANSTON EVERGREEN PLAZA

BARGAIN IN CHIC

The allure of black quilted for evening



$120 buys the black that dances all night on the Discothèque scene—three-piece suit of dazzling black peau de soie, quilted for the skirt and cardigan, sleeked for the blouse. The hip-long cardigan, back belted into a high bow, has narrow sleeves to the wrist, a single jet button; over a soft blouse with a carved-out neck, tiny cap sleeves, and an easy flared skirt. Smashing with hair piled smooth and high; lacy black stockings. Suit by Stefan for Briarbrook, of silk-and-rayon. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Sebou of the House of Revlon.

NEW JAPAN

(Continued from page 135)

other from time to time, their union—as undefined as The Law—would make the Teamsters look like Peter Pan's Lost Boys.

One of the less elegant alumnae (to put it mildly) is far more famous than the workingmen's bar she runs in the Asakusa district of Tokyo where I spent an hour or two with some friends who regard her as a sub-treasure of tourism. Nifty atmosphere—small, warm, slightly messy, and very outgoing; wrinkled, melancholy little men very correctly blubbering up bowls of *soba* (noodles with plenty of soup); good-hearted, not-so-young girls in flashy kimono kneeling sympathetically beside them, listening to their troubles, pouring sake with beer chasers. (The boilermaker, I concluded, is a Japanese invention.)

There was a stage about the size and shape of a telephone booth with a backdrop of aluminum foil where, I was given to understand, an occasional song and dance turn was performed with guest-reprises invited from the clientele. Minute slender fishes, silvery and transparent with small black eyes intact, were brought with our beer, and the gossip—all Japanese and intramural—touched on the news that one of the girls had recently been swept off, by a prosperous client, to a Hot Spring—the peak of chic, and very aesthetic. . . . Unfortunately, the ex-geisha responsible for all this local colour never appeared. It was explained that her past was either very hard to live down or—much more plausible—very hard to live up to. Fascinating in her prime, she had somehow tried to entrance a flagging lover by tampering with his jugular vein, and he had perished. Because she gave herself up, freely and delicately, to the police, she languished for a mere six months or so in prison. Since then she has led the hard-working life of an entrepreneur.

Kyoto, of course, is to geishas what Oxbridge is to the British Foreign Office, and while the supreme elegance of the old Ponto-cho district has faded, the Gion quarter still thrives. At the school for geishas, sociology replaces literature, but dance, calligraphy, the samisen, and flower arrangement are stalwarts of the curriculum. (*Gei*, by the way, means culture, *sha* means person.) The Teahouse of the Forty-seven Ronin—named for a national legend too complex to entertain here—is still the teahouse where every Japanese man wishes to "go just once"; it's far too expensive to count on regularly unless, of course, you're rich—or at least rich enough to take on deep obligations.

According to the custom of the country, a man is "introduced" at a geisha house very much the way he might be introduced to a club. Failing that, he may ask the proprietor of a restaurant where he is known to "arrange" something for him. Either way it is important that he have some status with geishas; in business, it is de rigueur for a tycoon to go to and give geisha parties, and the tax structure of the present régime has some feeling for this. While salaries are generally low in our terms, expense accounts and fringe benefits—including geisha parties—are high. It is not unheard of, I was told, for a Japanese businessman to say to his financial mentors, "How much would you like the receipts made out for?"

Aside from status, there are the therapeutic pleasures of being beguiled and Understood. "Geishas have very tight lips—they hear much about foreign affairs and other secrets," propounded a Japanese in the bar at the Hilton. "But a geisha party is not to touch, only to look."

That's the catch that led one American to comment with some impatience, "I don't understand their line of work."

In New Japan, the proprietors of geisha houses—formerly tyrants—are finding girls hard to come by. The schooling is a grind; the life precarious and only sometimes romantic; the system remarkably persistent. Except in deep country, girls—of six or so—are rarely sold into geishahood any more, and they do occasionally escape. Into, naturally, the arms of a lover. He may become a patron, in which case the girl remains, technically, a geisha, but exclusively *his*

geisha, and to keep it that way he must spend a great deal of money on her (clothes, presents, the works) and more money at the geisha house; just one evening party can easily cost $500 to $1,000. In rare cases, a patron may contemplate matrimony for which the going cost is 3,000,000 yen (about $8,500)—half to the geisha house and half to the geisha, probably to pay her debts.

American men are, by and large, not wildly diverted by geishas; they have a churlish tendency to complain a lot about their looks, which, even to the female eye, rate them 'way below the bar girls and just plain girl-girls ornamentally disposed around the islands. Having heard, however, that "no woman likes a geisha," I felt that either the girls or the system must have something, and in the not unpleasant course of quizzing every Japanese gentleman I could, I found very little to disprove my theory.

For one thing, there is in Japan, as someone explained early on, "no society in the Proustian sense." No one entertains at home; in fact, it's very rare that foreigners are even received in a Japanese household. Most husbands stop off after work for a glass of sake with their friends—all men, of course—and the family dinner hour as we know it is only beginning to be observed in "advanced" households; as a rule, wives and children dine early and leave food for the head of the house when and if he chooses to turn up. . . . It does seem gayer with the geishas who make a specialty of chopsticking morsels of food into gentlemen's mouths.

Teruko, as usual, proved sound and informative. She listened to the male American view, and later said to me privately, "They may think it is peculiar, but I know many men who are married but who have also kept geishas for many years."

On the other hand, one of the most elegant chaps I met, though he fully acknowledged the persistence of geishas, said, "Of course, I can not speak as a proper Japanese gentleman, because I have no *belle amie*."

If you have a little trouble getting a man to talk about geishas, I concluded, he's probably very pro, and his aptitude ás a flirt may verge upon the international. He'll tell you flatly, "You have to know the language. . . . The silences are awful. but the conversations are marvellous, and you must *know* how to respond. Even ordering another bottle is done with wit and style." . . . Well, the phrase would be "mō-ippon," and a girl who can turn *that* with wit and style is pretty special in my book.

I AM GOT TO A NUNNERY

One day in Kyoto, sensing that I craved a change, Teruko asked if I would like to visit a Buddhist nunnery. "It is just a small place," she apologized, "and perhaps you would be disappointed, but I have a friend there. A book has been written about her life, and very recently there was a play in Tokyo . . . the nunnery is not far, but it is just a small place."

On a morning of unrelenting fog and sudden drenching showers we drove out of the city into the mesmerizing mountains of its jagged skyline, stopping half way up a small peak where there was a moderately imposing temple.

Winding along a footpath through dripping bamboos, we came to a modest Japanese house where a small rotund caretaker with the merry face of a Hiroshige pilgrim threw himself into an orgy of bowing and politesse the moment he laid eyes on Teruko. . . . Schoolgirls in their navy-blue sailor suits passed us several times to leave their carefully wrapped yen at the shrine in the room to the left of the entrance.

The caretaker vanished as Teruko said, "She is here. . . . And she is now writing another book. You know she was once a very famous geisha." No time for questions then. She was wearing, this geisha-turned-nun, the simplest indigo cotton kimono. Under a small blue silk cap, her head, of course. was shaved. Still, she had a thin bony kind of natural elegance; dark, perceptive eyes that were not unworldly.

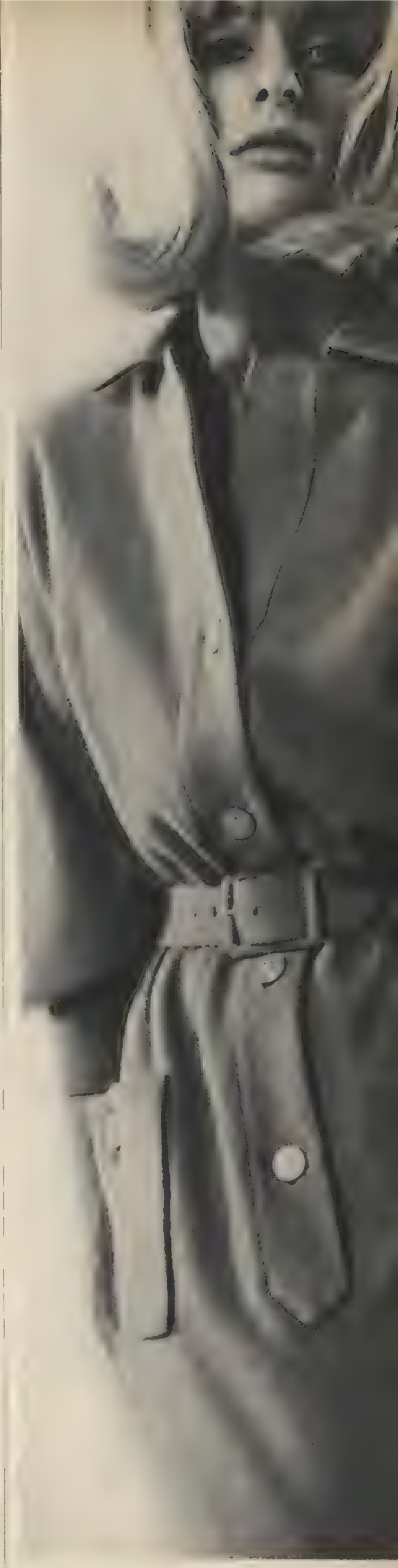
We moved beyond the shrine to a narrow open porch—I'm skipping the complex of bows here—and she explained that she and the caretaker had just returned from Tokyo where they went for the opening night of the play about her. An elaborate, illustrated playbill was given me, and photographs were pointed out of the actress who played the nun, the actor—amusing and rakish—who played the caretaker. Groping for responses, I asked if they found the performances to their taste. . . . Beyond compare, I gathered, "much better than real life." The caretaker, bowing and chortling from the far side of the shrine, confirmed all; and what's more, the play was soon to be repeated on national TV.

Much later, as Teruko and I made our way down the hill, I ventured to ask about the other nuns. Other nuns? . . . Oh, no, the writing geisha-nun lived alone there with an adopted daughter and the caretaker, who came, as it happened, from the village where she was born. "Some people," said Teruko, "say the daughter is married to him."

The suspense was killing me. "What," I asked, desperately taking a new tack, "happened to her little finger?—One joint is missing."

"Ah so." (This happens to be an authentic Japanese phrase.) "When she was a young geisha in Kyoto, she was very much in love, but the owner of the geisha house made her leave her lover and go to Tokyo. To show how unhappy she was, she cut off her finger. . . . I think she must have been very passion-āte, and there were many love fights, but this man, who is the caretaker, she says is the only man who has loved her platon-ic-ly."

Slowly, the rest of the story, a Kabuki plot to the life: Deciding at last that she could not be happy as a geisha, she sought admission to a Buddhist order. It was felt that she might find it difficult to adjust to the stringent régime of the life. Happily, however, there was this "small place" established originally by a shogun for several of his aging courtesans. Their images—his and the ladies'—were the figures I had vaguely discerned in the shrine, and when its present nun prayed, she identified with these departed spirits of the fair and the brave. . . . It is a matter of no small regret for me that the TV performance of the play took place after I left Japan.



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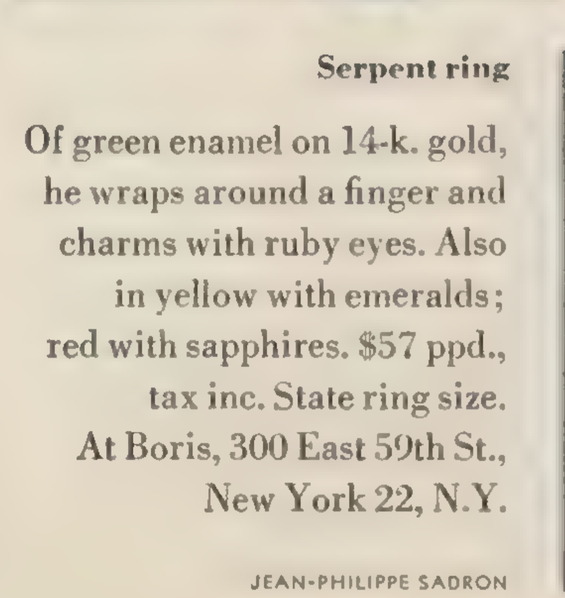
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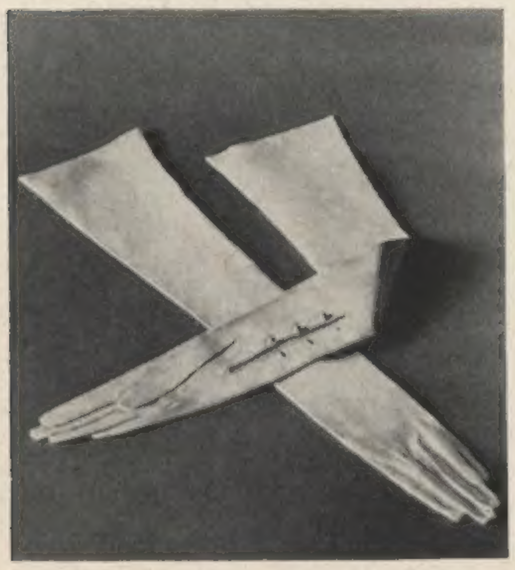
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Stores featuring the Vogue Pattern-Forstmann Fabrics show (pages 72-73)

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The Blass Co., Little Rock. Aug. 21, 22

ARIZONA
Levy's of Tucson, Tucson. Oct. 21

CALIFORNIA
Buffums': Long Beach, July 28; Pomona, July 29
Bullock's, Santa Ana. Aug. 12
The Emporium, San Francisco and all suburban stores. Aug. 31-Sept. 3
Bullock's, Sherman Oaks. Sept. 15, 16
Bullock's, Pasadena. Sept. 21, 22
Weinstock Lubin, Sacramento. Oct. 16, 17

COLORADO
The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver. Sept. 24-26

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Woodward & Lothrop Inc., Washington. Sept. 24-26

FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh, Florida: Miami, Sept. 17; Orlando, Sept. 21

GEORGIA
Davison's, Atlanta. Sept. 30, Oct. 1

ILLINOIS
Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago. Aug. 6-8

MARYLAND
Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore. Oct. 5, 6

MASSACHUSETTS
Jordan Marsh-Boston. Sept. 8, Sept. 11, 12

MINNESOTA
Amluxen Co., Minneapolis. Aug. 25, 26

MISSISSIPPI
McRae's, Jackson. Oct. 2, 3

MISSOURI
Winston's, St. Louis. Aug. 15
Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City. Sept. 9, 10

NEW YORK
Sibley, Lindsay and Curr Co., Rochester. Sept. 24, 25

NORTH CAROLINA
Hudson-Belk Co., Raleigh. Aug. 18, 19
Belk's, Charlotte. Aug. 24, 25

OHIO
O'Neil's: Akron, July 27; Canton, July 28
Rike's, Dayton. Aug. 1
F & R Lazarus Co., Columbus. Aug. 31
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland. Oct. 5

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PENNSYLVANIA
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Titche-Goettinger Co., Dallas. Aug. 13-15

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DRASTIC BEAUTY

(Continued from page 113)

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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 72-73)



Left: One-piece dress bloused at the back. Vogue Pattern 6272. Sizes 10-18. For size 14, 2⅜ yds. 54″ fabric without nap are needed. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. *Right:* Small-coat or coatdress. Vogue Pattern 6252. Sizes 10-18. For size 14, 3 yards of 54″ fabric without nap are needed. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. Other versions included in pattern.

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